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MATINS AND VESPERS.

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G. Smallfield, Hackney.

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MATINS AND VESPERS:

WITH

HYMNS

AND

OCCASIONAL DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

BY

JOHN BOWRING.

SECOND EDITION ALTERED AND ENLARGED.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:

SOLD BY G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA LANE.

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TO MRS. BARBAULD.

THOU hast heard many voices hymning thee,
Who didst awake their purest, earliest strains;
Flowing like mingling rivulets o'er the plains,
They water—till they reach the mighty sea
Where time is blended with eternity.
The current of thy years—which age has crown'd
With hoary honours, and ripe harvests round,
Say, may it drink some gentle dews from me
Of grateful song?—I was in childhood young
And artless, when to my dim vision thou
Wert as a saint,—and from thy gentle tongue
I oft have heard such truths, such thoughts, as wrung
Tears of delight from infancy—and now
Round thee affection hath with reverence clung.

J. B.

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PREFACE.

THOSE who are acquainted with a little volume written by DR. WITSCHEL, entitled *Morgen und Abend Opfer*, which has passed through several editions in Germany, will see how largely I have been indebted to it. It first suggested the idea, that a similar collection might serve the cause of religion and virtue at home.

So much of serene and so much of joyful feeling, so much of calm and grateful recollection, so much of present peace and comfort, and so much of holy and transporting hope, are connected with the cultivation of the devotional spirit,—that to assist its exercises, to administer to its wants, and to accompany its heavenly aspirations, are objects worthy of the noblest, the best ambition.

In attempting to give some of the ornaments of song to such contemplations, and such expressions as become those who have formed a true estimate of life, and of the ends of living, I trust I have never forgotten that the substance of piety is of higher interest than any of its decorations,—that the presence of truth is of more importance than the garment it wears.

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I have often witnessed, with complacency and delight, the consoling influence produced by the recollection of some passage of devotional poetry, under circumstances the most disheartening and sufferings the most oppressive. Should any fragment of this little book, remembered and dwelt upon in moments of gloom and anxiety, tend to restore peace, to awaken fortitude, to renew or to create confidence in heaven, I shall have obtained the boon for which I pray,—the end to which I aspire.

These Hymns were not written in the pursuit of fame or literary triumph. They are full of borrowed images, of thoughts and feeling excited less by my own contemplations than by the writings of others. I have not sought to be original. To be useful is my first ambition—that obtained, I am indifferent to the rest.

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FIRST WEEK.

SPRING.

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MATINS AND VESPERS.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THOU whose high praise in heaven and earth is sung,
Each heart pervading, tuning every tongue;
Thou, whom my soul devoutly would confess
In joy's bright hour—nor in affliction's less;
Whose mercy in the sunshine and the storm
Alike is active—whose invisible form
Rides in the hurricane;—Thou, whose depths profound,
And heights sublime, not earth nor heaven can sound;
Infinite power, and goodness without bound!
Thou unseen cause, conductor, end of all,
We know Thee not—yet God and Father call.
We know Thee not—but know and feel Thou art!
Our eye can see Thee not—but, Lord! our heart
Is touch'd as with Thy Spirit—and even now
I feel Thee—feel Thee in this holy glow.

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A peace which none but Thou couldst give inspires
My bosom; heavenly aspiration fires
My towering thoughts. O God! what breath but
Could kindle aspirations so divine! [Thine
Benignant condescension! that Thy ray
Should send its brightness through a clod of clay,
And raise to Thy abode—to Heaven—to Thee—
The poor, weak children of mortality!
Thus privileged, let my spirit-rousing thought,
Which vainly seeks to praise Thee as it ought,
Pour forth its humble strains. Eternal Lord!
Thy majesty might crush the embryo-word
With its gigantic presence; but Thy love
Gives its voice, and wafts its tones above.
Grant me, Eternal One! Thy light to cheer,
Thy hand to guide me, while I journey here;
Thy grace to help, Thy peace my soul to fill,
And sorrow's storm may thunder if it will.
I am supported by Thy holy arm—
The cloud may burst—but O, it cannot harm.
I say not, "Shield me, Father, from distress,"
But, "Wake my heart to truth and holiness."
I ask not that my earthly course may run
Cloudless—but, humbly, "Let Thy will be done."
The peace the world can give not nor destroy,
The love which is the greatest, and the joy

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That's given to angels—to perceive and own
That all Thy will is light and truth alone
And bliss-producing;—these, and such as these,
Be mine;—the vain world's fleeting vanities—
Pomps, pleasures, riches, honours, glory, pride,
(Idols by man's perverseness deified,)
I envy not.—Do Thou my steps control—
Erect devotion's temple in my soul;
And there, my God! my King! unrivall'd sway:
So let existence, like a sabbath day,
Glide softly by, and let that temple be
A shrine devoted all to truth and Thee.

SUNDAY EVENING.

How shall I praise Thee, Lord of light?
How all Thy generous love declare?
Though earth is veil'd in shades of night,
Thy heaven is open to my prayer;
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns—
That glorious heaven, which knows no bound;
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around;

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From thence—Thy seat of light divine,
Circled by thousand streams of bliss
Which calmly flow and brightly shine—
Say, to a world so mean as this,
Canst Thou direct Thy pitying eye?
How shall my thoughts expression find,
All lost in Thine immensity?
How shall I seek, Eternal mind,
Thy holy presence? God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space!
Gently the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord! is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill,
To honour Thee;—'tis bright and fair,
As if the very heavens, imprest
With Thy pure image smiling there,
In all their loveliest robes were drest.
Yet Thou canst turn Thy friendly eye
From that immeasurable throne;—
Thou, smiling on humanity,
Dost claim earth's children for Thine own,
And gently, kindly lead them thro'
Life's varied scenes of joy and gloom;

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Till evening's pale and pearly dew
Tips the green sod that decks their tomb.
Thou, Father! hast a gentle breath
That bears our soaring souls on high;
Thy angels watch the bed of death,
Thy torch directs us to the sky.
Thou bidst the cares of earth depart—
Heaven's peace is wafted from above;
A sabbath-stillness fills my heart—
Devotion's calm, and virtue's love.
Thy laws with rays divine illume;
Sweet is Thy call, Thy burthen light,
Thy words like heavenly music come,
Thy promise like a seraph bright.
And Thou, from Thy sublimest height
Of glory—in Thy mercy deignest
Earth-wandering pilgrims to invite
Tow'rds the blest palace where Thou reignest.
And man—a speck of dust—may rise,
Borne on the pinions of Thy grace,
Up to angelic mysteries:
Heaven is his home—his resting place.
Even as the seed that autumn's breath
On to its destin'd dwelling bears,
Springs from its earthly tomb beneath,
And its fair crown of beauty rears

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Mortality itself contains
The germ of immortality,
And bursts life's cold and fettering chains,
Rising from mortal bondage free.
Not ours alone a varying doom,
Checker'd with fleeting joys and cares;
For us the portals of the tomb
Lead onwards to eternal years.

When trembling on the awful bourn
Which bounds life's transitory stage,
Tranquil my dying thoughts shall turn
Back on the well-spent pilgrimage:
While visions, robed in glory bright,
Beam thro' life's evening-shades serene,
From heaven's eternal isles of light;
What tho' the waters roll between?
The arm that oft hath saved, shall save;
Death has no terrors now for me—
Where is thy sting, O where? thou grave!
O death! where is thy victory?
Methinks I see the flow'rets bloom
Even now on Eden's vernal shore;
Methinks I feel the breezes come
To waft th' enfranchis'd prisoner o'er—
Methinks a light as soft as sweet
Smiles on me as the pale moon's ray;

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Methinks I hear the angels greet,
" Come hither, Spirit, come!"—they say.
I hasten: as my eye grows dim
And darkens on this fading sphere,
I see the smiling seraphim
Wax more and more resplendent there;
And as my ear grows deaf and dull
To the vain sounds of earthly art,
The music, soft and beautiful,
Of heaven absorbs my raptur'd heart.

MONDAY MORNING.

Thou, Lord! art all in all—and man is nought:
For tho' in privileged hours his soaring thought
Would seem to catch a glance of Thee—Thy light
Soon becomes dazzling, and he sinks in night.
Yes! we are blind—and when we most aspire,
Most feel our weakness and our vain desire.
We trace the comets in their orbits—fly
From star to star, across the crowded sky,
And, far beyond what natural powers discern,
Guided by art, we nature's mysteries learn:
But when we think of Thee—confounded, lost,
From one proud billow to another tost,

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Our reason wreck'd—the horizon shaded o'er,
We dash upon a dark and dangerous shore.
What art Thou, Lord? By what high name—what word
Of majesty, shall we address Thee, Lord?
God! awful sound—recess of mystery!
God! what strange notions of infinity,
Infinity of wisdom, power, and love,
Thro' the still'd heart in shadowy visions move—
Link'd with all space, all being, deep and vast:
'Tis a vague sense of future and of past—
Of things beyond the stars—of death—of birth—
Of a wing'd Spirit wandering o'er the earth—
Travelling from sun to sun—of whispering wind—
Of thunder—of a more than mortal mind,
That sometimes visits man:—a rolling flood
Invisible—an infinite tide of good,
O'erflowing all—a presence in the air,
Upon the land, the waters, every where!
God! God! word written on the waves—impress
Upon fair Nature's universal breast,—
Wafted by every breeze, and borne along
By every motion that has sense or song—
Splendent above, and beautiful below,
The soul of all the universe art Thou!
We find Thee there—we revel in the thought—
Forgive the daring, Lord! we know thee not.

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When man has scaled the heavens, and weigh'd
the sun,
And visited the stars—then, Infinite One!
Then may he, then, tho' still unworthily,
Lift up his thoughts and turn his eyes to Thee;
To Thee, whose glorious brightness human eye
Ne'er gazed on yet in its intensity.
O GOD! I tremble when on Thee I think;
I feel, as if I shudder'd on the brink
Of profanation—yet I love Thee:—read
My doubting, fearing heart—it loves indeed!
Loves, and would fain obey—O touch the chord
That vibrates at Thy name,—and tune it, Lord!
To reverence and to virtue:—all beside—
The vain desires of folly or of pride—
All, all I throw, an offering at Thy feet—
Accept that homage, Being Infinite!

MONDAY EVENING.

MY eye look'd round upon the vast expanse
Of glorious Nature—and my raptured vision,
Revelling in the early day-beams' waken'd glance,
Saw rocks, and streams, and woods—like scenes
elysian,

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Uncurtain'd slowly from the realms of sleep:
There the sun drove his golden chariot proudly,
And the sonorous ocean thunder'd loudly,
What time the waters rushing down the steep
Lifted their voice harmonious—every where
The spirit of love was brooding—and the smile
Of vernal freshness and of beauty rare:
There was a gentle music in the air,
That hung around the mist-robed mountains, while
A calm and quiet influence seem'd to breathe
In fragrance o'er the vales and on the hills:
The dews had hung up many a diamond wreath
On herbs and budding flowers—and the meek rills
Trembled at morning's first salute, and thrill'd
And murmur'd joy.—Slowly and silently
The vapours which the bosom of earth had fill'd,
Melted away in light!—the all-present eye
Of heaven beamed brightly: and methought the day
Look'd beautiful as when an infant wakes
From its soft slumbers—and in every ray
I trac'd the visible presence—dark and dim—
But still the presence visible of Him,
At whose first call the early morning breaks
Thro' twilight's curtain.—Higher yet, and higher,
Rose the great central orb above our globe,
Till heaven was girded with one azure robe,
And none could look upon that throne of fire,

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On which perchance some spirit sits, and keeps
An awful reckoning with our earthly sphere:
For the Great Eye that sees us never sleeps;
It has its ministering angels wheresoe'er
Existence is—beneath us, and above,
Around us and within us, He has there
His delegates. They watch us when we rove,
And to the oft-abandon'd, narrow track
Of truth and virtue, gently call us back:
They read our thoughts—our actions they record,
And bear the transcript of each idle word
Up to the great tribunal.—Now the Noon,
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls
Into the mellow Eve:—the West puts on
Her gorgeous beauties—palaces and halls
And towers, all carved of the unstable cloud,
Welcome the calmly waning monarch—he
Sinks gently 'midst that glorious canopy
Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud
Monarch of earth and ocean.—He being gone,
All his attendant ministers take their flight,
And leave the dark and desolate Earth alone—
To all the gloom and horror of the Night.
But no! for He who made that glowing Sun,
Still watches o'er His children—and He spreads
A roll of starry brightness o'er our heads,
Waking the stars and planets one by one.

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So rolls the varying day—and morn and noon
And even-tide and night—alike proclaim
The ne'er-decaying splendour of His name;
His love, that's never wearied, shed on man;
The never-bounded influence of His might;
The never-erring wisdom of His plan.
In Him, all, all is glory—knowledge—light—
Truth—beauty—joy: and both in what we see
And what we see not—both in what we know
And what we know not—kindness, mercy glow
In the refulgence of Infinity.

TUESDAY MORNING.

When the arousing call of Morn
Breaks o'er the hills, and day new born
Comes smiling from the purple east,
And the pure streams of liquid light
Bathe all the earth—renew'd and bright,
Uprising from its dream of rest—

O how delightful then, how sweet
Again to feel life's pulses beat;

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Again life's kindly warmth to prove;
To drink anew of pleasure's spring;
Again our matin song to sing
To the great Cause of light and love!

To Him, whom comet, planet, star,
Sun, moon, in their sweet courses far,
Praise in eternal homage meet;
While thousand choirs of seraphs bring
Their sounding harps of gold—and fling
Their crowns of glory at His feet.

Thou! who didst wake me first from nought,
And lead my heaven-aspiring thought
To some faint, feeble glimpse of Thee:
Thou! who didst touch my slumb'ring heart
With Thy own hand—and didst impart
A portion of Thy deity:

O teach me, Father! while I feel
The impress of Thy glorious seal—
And whence I came—and whither tend:
Teach me to live—to act—to be
Worthy my origin, and Thee,
And worthy my immortal end.

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O not in vain to me be given
The joys of earth—the hopes of heaven!
O not in vain may I receive
My master's talents—but, subdued
And tutor'd by the soul of good,
To God—to bliss—to virtue live!

Heaven's right-lined path may I discern,
Nor, led by pride or folly, turn
A handbreadth from the onward road;
Fight the good fight—the foe subdue,
And wear the heavenly garland too—
A garland from the hand of GOD!

TUESDAY EVENING.

'TIS now the solemn hour, when spirits come
To alarm credulity—'tis now the hour,
When disembodied ghosts have awful power
To burst the impris'ning portals of the tomb.
Such vain creations from the midnight's womb
Has superstition summon'd, and array'd
In all the hideous forms that fear has made.

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Spirits there *are* indeed that walk the night,—
Not such as these—but heavenly tongues, that call,
In nature's hallow'd eloquence, on all,
To wing themselves for a diviner flight.
The wise man hears their voices: darkness, light,
To him are equally momentous things,
And each a monitory warning brings
From th' other side of death. The sun goes down;
But truth, that never sleeps, still rides sublime
Thro' all the strange vicissitudes of time—
Speaks in the noon-tide's smile, the midnight's frown.

Now in the stillness of the eve serene,
The calm of meek devotion's influence,
Upsoaring from this dark impris'ning scene,
Appealing from what is, and what has been,
To that which *shall* be—from a world of sense,
To spiritual worlds; inviting down from thence
Rays of the light that gilds heaven's holy place—
I turn my thoughts, appalling Power! to Thee.
Appalling Power! Thy awful majesty
Might scatter us in dust—but, lo! Thy grace,
Milder and softer than the early dew,
Invites us to Thy presence. Lord! forgive
Thy trembling children—Father! Friend! receive
Their tribute, humble and unworthy too.

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'Tis sweet, in journeying thro' this vale of tears,
To gather its fair flowers; to pay, and prove
Blessings and sympathies, and acts of love,
And so to sink into the lap of years:
But sweeter, when life's evening star appears,
To see religion's holy visions bright,
Hover on wings of righteousness and light,
Smiling kind invitations from above.
What tho' a thousand or ten thousand graves
Arrest our stumbling footsteps—they are nought.
But seats of rest, where the life-wearied thought
Reposes—while divinest glory waves
Her palms of triumph o'er the grassy heaps.—
Life's journey is oft wearisome and wild;
And there Affliction's tired and troubled child
On nature's all-composing bosom sleeps.

There is a land, where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness—where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of love, that roll
By God's high throne!—myriads of glorious ones
Bring there th' accepted offering. O how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
T' inhale one breath of paradise divine—
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God! Remote from care,
Remote from disappointment, to employ

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Hours never-ending in the courts of joy,
And wear a crown of heavenly splendour there!
With such a destiny, what earthly fear,
What earthly woe, shall cloud my spirit? None.
Forward, then, forward to the golden throne!
Why should our restless wishes linger here?
See from the clouds a smiling angel calls,
"Come hither, Christian!—Open is the door—
The path is strait—delay not—doubt no more—
Lo! thou art welcome to the heavenly halls."
Father—I go!—I hear th' inviting sound—
No more shall earthly objects dim my eyes—
Away, away the world's dull vanities!
I hasten on—to heaven—to Eden bound.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

When Morn peeps o'er the mountain's height,
And the last star has left the sky,
And dews disperse at waking light,
And Earth puts on her robes of joy,
And flowers look out, and woods are gay
With birds and breezes—O, 'tis meet
To join the universal lay,
And Nature's chorus to repeat;

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To lead the aspiring soul to Him,
Whose is the darkness, whose the day—
Who kindled first the sunny beam;
Pour'd forth the wand'ring milky way;
Fill'd all heaven's lamps with ether; spread
The canopy above—whose hand
The valleys scoop'd—the mountains weigh'd—
Fathom'd the ocean—rear'd the land,
And crowded all with life and bliss.
See life and bliss around us glowing!
Wherever space or being is,
The cup of joy is full and flowing!
  Yes! Nature is a splendid show,
Where an attentive mind may hear
Music in all the winds that blow—
And see a silent worshipper
In every flower, on every tree,
In every vale, on every hill—
Perceive a voice of melody
In waving grass or whispering rill;
And catch a soft but solemn sound
Of worship from the smallest fly,
The cricket chirping on the ground,
The trembling leaf that hangs on high.
  Proud, scornful man! thy soaring wing
Would hurry tow'rds Infinity;

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And yet the vilest, meanest thing
Is too sublime, too deep for thee;
And all thy vain imagining
Lost in the smallest speck we see.
It must be so—for He, even He
Who worlds created, form'd the worm—
He pours the dew, who fill'd the sea—
Breathes from the flower, who rules the storm:—
Him we may worship—not conceive;
See not and hear not—but adore:
Bow in the dust—obey—believe—
Utter His name—and know no more.
  His throne is o'er the highest star
That wanders heaven's blue vault along;
He drives unseen His glorious car
A million viewless worlds among.
A thousand—aye! ten thousand suns
Are darkness in His piercing eye!
Thy life runs on—and while it runs,
Vainly to know Him dost thou try:
That is a bliss for realms on high,
When thou shalt breathe diviner air,
And drink of heaven's felicity;
For knowledge knows no boundary *there*.
  O, if joy be here thy doom,
Give it anchorage above;

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If thy path be dark with gloom,
Steal a ray from heavenly love.
Source of joy!—my Friend! my Father!
In Thy presence let me be,—
Here the flowers of Virtue gather,
Blooming for eternity.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Almighty Being! wise and holy
Who hast to each his portion given;
To the poor worm his station lowly,
And to the choirs of angels—heaven;
My fate is in Thy righteous keeping,
Ruler of worlds!—unbounded One!
While to weak man, in error sleeping,
Thy awful course is all unknown;
Far from Thy light immortal streaming,
From heaven,—resplendently afar,
Man's ray is but the feeble gleaming
Of evening's palest, farthest star.
With hope upon his path descending,
Life's darkness soon gives way to light;
Some holy sunbeams hither tending,
Chase the dark clouds of doubt, of night.

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O, had our journey, wasting, weary,
No ray like these to gild the gloom,
Life were a desert dark and dreary,
A midnight prison-house—a tomb!
Merciful Being! Friend! Creator!
To Thee I look, to Thee I call;
On Thee I rest my fragile nature;
Not on this transient world, nor all
The world's foundations. Thou, who kindly
Smil'st on my path, conduct me still;
Conduct me, while fatigued and blindly
I climb up life's deceitful hill;
Smile in Thy light of mercy o'er me,
And form me to Thy holy will;
Thy hope shall sweetly beam before me,
Thy rays my little lamp shall fill.
Could I control my future being,
No thought of pride should e'er rebel;
Thou, all-designing—guiding—seeing,
Wilt direct all things wisely, well.
Disturb not, dreams of care! to-morrow;
Enough the evil of to-day:
My destined sum of joy and sorrow
The scales of perfect wisdom weigh.
He, for ten thousand worlds providing,
Yet condescends to think of me!

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My little skiff securely guiding
O'er Time's now still, now troubled sea;
Calm as the night, and soft and vernal
As the spring's breath, my bark shall move,
Till, launch'd into the gulf eternal,
It anchors in a port above.

THURSDAY MORNING.*

The heavens, O Lord! Thy power proclaim,
And the earth echoes back Thy name;
Ten thousand voices speak Thy might,
And day to day, and night to night,
Utter Thy praise,—Thou Lord above!
Thy praise—Thy glory—and Thy love.

All things I see, or hear, or feel,
Thy wisdom, goodness, power reveal.
The silent crescent hung on high,
So calmly sailing through the sky;
The lowliest flower that lights the dells;
The lightest wave the stream that swells;

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* Zollikofer's Sermons, Vol. VI. p. 253.

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The breeze that o'er the garden plays;
The farthest planet's glimmering rays;
The dew upon the distant hill;
The vapours that the valley fill;
The grove's untutor'd harmony—
All speak,—and loudly speak of Thee.

Thy name, Thy glories, they rehearse,
Great Spirit of the universe!
Sense of all sense, and Soul of soul,
Nought is too vast for Thy control;
The meanest and the mightiest share
Alike Thy kindness and Thy care.

Beneath Thy all-directing nod,
Both worlds and worms are equal, God!
Thy hand the comets' orbits drew,
And lighted yonder glow-worm too;
Thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
And form'dst yon snow-drop's silver cup

And nature with its countless throng,
And sun and moon and planets' song,

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And every flower that light receives,
And every dew that tips its leaves,
And every murmur of the sea—
Tunes its sweet voice to worship Thee.

Yes! all below and all above,
Drink of Thy flowing stream of love;
Yes! wheresoe'er existence is,
There, there is greatness, hope and bliss:
There never was a mortal eye
Which has not shone with smiles of joy.

And all are bending to the spot
Where disappointment enters not;
The seed of man's mortality
Shall on earth's bosom scatter'd be,
And from its germs at last arise
Fair blossoms, fit for paradise.

And we, creation's princes, we
The favourites of the Deity,
The wise—the strong—whose thoughts can soar
Heaven's brightest, highest concave o'er;
And hold, above created things,
Communion with the King of kings—

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Shall we not praise and worship Thee,
Thou infinite Divinity?
Thank Thee for what we know—and own
Thou hidest what is best unknown;
And kindly, wisely, hast conceal'd
The future, from our vision veil'd?

Shall *we* disturb the harmony
Which all creation tunes to Thee;
Those sweet concordant notes, that sound
The arched hall of nature round;
That fill the earth, the sea, the air,
And reach Thy throne—accepted there?

No: rather our according voice
Shall in the general praise rejoice,
And join the ever-during hymn
With cherubim and seraphim—
With all to whom a tongue is given,
To worship Thee, the Lord of heaven.

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THURSDAY EVENING.

Peace 'neath the stars may fix her seat,
And bliss look smiling from on high,
When spirits hold communion sweet
With brighter spirits of the sky.
The earth is resting calmly now
Beneath the curtain'd shade of night,
The sun behind the mountain's brow
Has veil'd his last and lingering light.

Reviving sleep! thy sheltering wing
Is o'er the couch of labour spread;
Sweet minister—unearthly thing—
That hovers round the tired one's head.
As calm and cold, as mortal clay
When life is fled—earth soundly sleeps;
When evening veils the eye of day,
And darkness rules the ocean deeps.

But, lighted 'neath heaven's temple arch,
Ten thousand stars are shining round,
And all on their imposing march
Thy everlasting praise resound.

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A thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Are heard in heaven when earth is still;
And echoes of unnumber'd songs
The vast extent of nature fill.

O then Thy spirit, Lord! anew
Enkindles strength in sleeping men;
It falls as falls the evening dew—
And life's sad waste repairs again.
While mildly o'er the deep repose
Peace smiles from her exalted throne,
In sleep a million eyelids close—
Heaven watches—and heaven wakes alone.

Preserving, blessing, guarding all,
The night and day His smile inspires;
He sits beneath His star-roof'd hall,
And never slumbers—never tires:
No rest requites his ceaseless toil—
He never faints, He needs not rest:
Man sinks to deep repose awhile;
God reigns untired—immortal—blest.

Then let me, led by Him, pursue
My path, from folly's slavery free;
Throw off my chain—and then renew
My journey tow'rds eternity.

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Be nature's gentle slumbers mine—
And lead me gently to the last,
Until I hear Thy voice divine—
"Awake! for death's long night is past."

FRIDAY MORNING.

Ps. civ.

Sing thy Creator's praise, and own
Him greatest—wisest—God alone.
He wraps himself in robes of light,
And, clothed in garments pure and bright
Of honour and of majesty,
He makes the skies His canopy.

The pillars of His temple are
Built on the ocean; and His car,
The clouds of heaven. Th' Eternal Mind
Rides on the pinions of the wind:
A thousand spirits wait His will,
And, touch'd with fire, His word fulfil.

Thou rear'dst the universe sublime
On arches of unshaken time—

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And wrap'dst this vast terraqueous globe
With the deep waters as a robe—
And badst the eternal hills sustain
The o'erhanging pregnant clouds of rain.

At Thy decree the waters fall—
They hasten at Thy thunder's call;
Down from the rocky heights they gush,
And thro' the thirsty valleys rush
On to the vast receptacle,
Where Thou hast bid the waters dwell.

There hast Thou girt them with a shore,
That they may flood the earth no more:
While thousand and ten thousand rills,
Wand'ring among the mazy hills,
Fresh from their sparkling fountain burst,
Where the wild asses quench their thirst.

'Tis there, along the streamlet's side,
The winged fowls of heaven abide;
Among the waving boughs they sing,
That overhang the crystal spring;
The hills are water'd from above,
And earth reflects a heaven of love.

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He bids the emerald verdure grow,
He makes the smiling flow'rets blow;
He plants the roots, He sows the grain,
A common feast for beasts and men;
To each He gives his portion'd food—
He, ever active, wise and good!

He bids the loaded vine produce
For man its generous, joyous juice;
And oil that makes his face to shine,
And bread to nourish—all is Thine,
Thou great, life-giving Deity!
Yes! all we have we owe to Thee.

The life-sap at Thy bidding flows
Thro' the young trees—the cedar grows
Tow'ring above the mountain's crest,
Where the wood songster builds her nest;
While 'mid the solitary pines,
The careful stork her home enshrines.

To the rude rocks the conies fly;
The wild goats seek the mountains high;
While o'er them the benignant moon
Shines mildly—and the night, the noon,

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In their appointed courses fall:
Govern'd by Him who governs all.

'Tis night—thou spreadst the darkness deep;
The wild beasts from their hidings creep,
And the young lions seek their prey
From their Creator—till the ray
Of morning calmly dawns, and then
They slumber in their lairs again.

Man to his daily labour goes,
Until the evening brings repose.
O Lord! how great, how manifold
Thy works, how glorious and untold!
Their ever-during songs proclaim
The vast perfections of Thy name.

The mighty, the unbounded sea,
(Image of Thine immensity!)
Fill'd with ten thousand creatures—all
Sharing Thy care, the great, the small;
The whale's gigantic mass—the swarms
Of unseen myriads' insect-forms,

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The ships the busy billows crowd;
And 'midst the waters rushing loud,
(He owns not the control of man)
The huge, the dread leviathan,
Sits on his ever-shifting throne,
And claims that kingdom for his own.

On Thee they wait, on Thee depend—
While Thou, their ever present friend,
Provid'st their food;—Thy plenteous hand,
Outstretch'd, fills all the sea, the land,
With good—which they, delighted, gather
From Thy great store, Thou gracious Father!

Thy face is hidden—darkness clouds
The trembling earth;—Thy frowning shrouds
Existence with its gloom;—Thy ray
Is hidden from them—they decay:
Thou dost withdraw Thy breath—they die,
And in the clayey valley lie.

Thy Spirit is sent forth again,
And life resumes its joyous reign;
Again is nature's face renew'd,
And love, and bliss, and gratitude,

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Clad all the face of earth with light,
And hope, and bliss, and promise bright.

His glory shall endure for ever—
His praise shall perish never, never!
Rejoicing in His work, and pleas'd
With the proud fabric He hath rais'd,
Blest 'midst the blessings He hath given—
In heaven directing all to heaven!

A thousand worlds His presence greet;
The mountains smoke beneath His feet;
The earth His presence fears;—but I
Will sing His praises joyfully,
While I have life or breath to sing,
In His existence triumphing.

How sweet to meditate, O Lord!
On Thy great name, Thy glorious word,
In Thy blest presence to rejoice,
To Thy blest praise attune my voice,
And from Thy cup to drink the stream
Of gladness and of joy supreme!

If daring worldly ones contemn
That Power, whose glance might scatter them—

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I, in my honest purpose, still
Will own Thy hand and do Thy will;
Blest, blest unutterably, to be
Devoted, Lord! to truth and Thee.

FRIDAY EVENING.

A HOLY stillness fills the sky,
While evening tunes its vesper song
And, like a sacred lamp, on high
The solitary moon is hung.
Repose, upon her downy pinion,
Lights on the pilgrim's couch serene,
And holds her undisturb'd dominion,
O'er the dark silence of the scene.
O then the spirit loves to turn
Upon its inward self; and then
Those hallow'd fires of virtue burn,
Which, born of heaven, ascend again
To their high source;—all worldly care,
All earth's pursuits and pleasures seem
Unworthy trifles, as they are,
Too grov'lling for the soul's esteem.

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Then the Divinity within
Lights the freed soul, and heaven appears
Like some fair star, the clouds between
Soft smiling thro' the night of years.
Then with new life the spirit flies
Up to its primal, proud abode;
Reads all the secrets of the skies,
And holds high converse with its God.
O let me turn to heaven my eye—
Heaven is my portion, is my home—
And, steering onward joyfully,
Be welcomed by the harb'ring tomb.
Thus in sereenest holiness
Let days and nights roll sweetly past;
And if a tear—a tear of peace—
Shall tremble in my eye at last;
Enough to think that I am Thine—
Enough for sorrow's darkest hour—
If I may call Thee, claim Thee mine—
God of my life! I ask no more.
Father! O let Thy light, Thy love,
Guard to his tomb thy wanderer;
And when his spirit soars above,
Be all his errors buried here.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

As from the vapours of the east
The sun o'er morning's twilight steals,
So truth illumes the pious breast,
When man his inmost soul unveils:
When the still monitor within
Holds meet communion with his heart,
And self-approval gilds the scene,
As hours and days and weeks depart.

How wise, departing weeks to call
To stern inquiry's solemn bar,
And take a strict account of all!
For all in heaven recorded are:
The talents lost—the moments run
To waste—the sins of act, of thought,
Ten thousand deeds of folly done,
And countless virtues cherish'd not.

A towering spirit, born of heaven,
And tending up to heaven again,
By earthly cares and errors driven,
And chain'd to all those errors vain;

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A temple worthy of a God,
Degraded to an earth-worm's cell;
A soul sublime—become a clod,
Dark, heavy and insensible.

Can such a reckoning then appal,
To the heart's secret inquest given?
How dreadful—if unveil'd to all
Th' assembled hosts of earth and heaven!
Deceive thee not, vain man! for so
Shall time thy inmost self declare,
And the great day of days shall show
Each vice thou wrapp'st so fondly here.

Delusion! rend the shading veil;
Hypocrisy! come forth—and pride!
Thy naked form no more conceal;
Come, fierce intolerance! nor hide
Thy serpent-sting in folds of zeal,
In pious words thy tiger-tooth·
Come forth, ye long-mask'd fiends! and feel
The all-discovering touch of truth.

How many fancied *saints*, that wear
Self-gratulation's starry dress,

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Shall stand unrobed—astonish'd *there*,
In trembling, tottering nakedness!
How many a humble one, whose eye
Scarce dares look up to heaven's bright throne,
Shall bear the robes of majesty,
And put the golden garland on!

SATURDAY EVENING.

Hours, days, weeks—so our life-term flows—
Gently, as melt the vernal snows
Beneath the sun; they pass away,
Like dew-drops in the eye of day,
One by one—till all are gone:—
The mists disperse—the twilight's o'er,
And the monarch bursts from th' orient door,
And the clouds impede his march no more.
Such is the fate of man! and so
His night of life rolls by,—the wave
Of darkness sweeps across his grave—
Then o'er the gloomy hills of snow,
That seem life's boundary—brighter suns
Emerge in glory—suns immortal—
Bursting thro' the deep tomb's portal—
And the tide of being runs

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In living light—eternal—bright,
While everlasting ages flow.
Why should the grave be terrible?
Why should it be a word of fear,
Jarring upon the mortal ear?
There repose and silence dwell:—
The living hear the funeral knell,
But the dead no funeral knell can hear.
Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew
Forget to kiss its turf? the stream
Refuse to bathe it? or the beam
Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,
Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?
No! the moon is there, and smiling too!
And the sweetest song of the morning bird
Is oft in that ancient yew-tree heard;
And there may you see the harebell blue
Bending his light form—gently—proudly,
And listen to the fresh winds, loudly
Playing around yon sod, as gay
As if it were a holiday,
And children freed from durance they:
But 'tis the kingdom of decay!
So is the world—and all we see,
The sport of mutability.
Think ye the mountains never change,
Nor the vast ocean?

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There's not an hour—but swift, and strange,
And secret workings—the commotion
Of all the elements goes on;—
There's not a spark of yonder Sun,
Which does not perish at its birth:
For life itself is but the child
Of death—and this life-giving Earth
Is dissolution's parent mild.
Death is the gate thro' which we come
Into the world—and every day
We die—and when dissolved away,
'Tis death conducts us to our home.
Death hath no terrors—while we are,
Death is not—when we cease to be,
Then death begins. Eternity
Is life, not death. What cause for fear
Of death—when this same death we dread,
Is life continuous,—and to die
Is but to live immortally?
Here, every, every step we tread,
Is on a grave—and every breath
Heaved, is a messenger of death.

'Tis well. If life have a joy worth giving,
'Tis not the fragile joy of living,
Except as it leads us to the door
Where life's delusions cheat no more:

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They will soon be over—and then, O then,
Rapture 'twill be to live again,
Where man in his glory shall inherit
What's brightest and best of his earthly spirit;
And blend—and not in a perishing hour—
Beauty and wisdom, and light and power.

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SECOND WEEK.

SUMMER.

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SUNDAY MORNING.

Thou art my glory—Thou my song—whose throne
Is built upon the highest heavens—and thence
Rollest the spheres by Thine omnipotence—
Thou art my song, O Lord! and Thou alone!
Thy kingdom is of subject-worlds. The arch
Above us, deck'd with stars as dust, Thou treadest
Beneath Thy feet in Thy resplendent march;
And, in the twinkling of an eye, Thou readest
The eternity that's past—and that to come.
All time concentred in one ray to Thee;
All being is Thy will—all space Thy home;
And all Thy attributes—infinity.
  Thou art my song! which from such thoughts as these
Where our poor reason wanders in the abyss
Of undiscoverable mysteries,
Turns from sublimer, higher worlds, to this;
And in its lowly flowers—and silent meads
And gentle waters—and sweet solitude—
Its valleys and its plains and mountains—reads
That Thou art good—immeasurably good.
  Thou art my song! and when Thy name I breathe
Light seems descending from Thy seat—to bear

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On wings of hope the trembling worshiper,
To realms beyond the frozen clime of death.
Then do the doubts and fears that overcast
Man's perilous way depart, and rays divine,
Tho' faint and feeble, o'er his path-way shine,
Which point him to a resting-place at last,
Whose very dreams are blessedness—for he
Who has been tost upon a turbulent sea,
Can by the distant shores encouraged be.

Thou art my song!—tho' in life's dreary maze,
Sorrow and darkness seem to be my lot,
And 'midst their heavy clouds I trace Thee not,
Yet Thou art there—and gratitude shall raise
Its early voice in reverence. Shifting days
And opening weeks shall, as they flow along,
Leave some bright record of harmonious praise
To Thee, who art my glory and my song!

Thy sun awakes and sets—The world grows old
And is renewed again. The seasons flow
Unchanging in their changes—joy and woe
Preside in turns—and then we are enroll'd
Among the slumberers of the grave—but Thou
To whom past, present, future are as *now*,
Art still the same—still watching—still intent
On Thy high purpose—from the labyrinth vast,
Where good and evil, joy and grief are blent

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In common fate, to perfect—and present
A future,—gather'd from the checquer'd past,
Where bliss shall be predominant—and spread
Wider and wider—till it shall embrace,
All the great family of the human race,
And give a crown of light to every head.—
O may I join that never-number'd throng,
And sing thy praise eternal—Thou my song!

SUNDAY EVENING.

"Let not your hearts be troubled, but confide
"In me as ye confide in God; I go
"A mansion for my followers to provide;
"My Father's heavenly dwelling is supplied
"With many mansions;—I had told ye so,
"Were there not room;—I hasten to prepare
"Your seats,—and soon will come again, and say,
"Be welcome:—where your Lord inhabits, there,
"There should his followers be: ye know the way—
"I am the way, the truth, the life."—'Twas thus
The Saviour spoke—and in that blessed road,

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What flow'rets grow, what sun-beams shine on us,
All glowing with the brightness of our God!
Heaven seems to open round, the earth is still,
As if to sanctify us for the skies;
All tending to the realms where blessing lies,
And joy and gladness, up the eternal hill.
As the heaven-guided prophet, when his eyes
Stretch'd wearied o'er the peaceful promised land,
Even as he stood on Canaan's shores, we stand.
O night! how beautiful thy golden dress,
On which so many stars like gems are strew'd;
So mild and modest in thy loveliness,
So bright, so glorious in thy solitude!
The soul soars upwards on its holy wings,
Thro' the vast ocean-paths of light sublime,
Visits a thousand yet unravell'd things;
And, if its memories look to earthly time
And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream—
For earth and earthly things but shadows seem;
While heaven is substance, and eternity.
This is Thy temple, Lord! 'tis worthy Thee,
And in it Thou hast many a lamp suspended,
That dazzles not, but lights resplendently;
And there Thy Court is—there Thy court, attended

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By myriad, myriad messengers—the song
Of countless and melodious harps is heard,
Sweeter than rill, or stream, or vernal bird,
The dark and melancholy woods among.
And golden worlds in that wide temple glow,
And roll in brightness, in their orbits vast;
And there the future mingles with the past,
An unbeginning, an unending *now*.

Death! they may call thee what they will, but thou
Art lovely in my eyes—thy thoughts to me
No terror bring; but silence and repose,
And pleasing dreams, and soft serenity.
Thou wear'st a wreath where many a wild flower blows;
And breezes of the south play round thy throne;
And thou art visited by the calm bright moon;
And the gay spring her emerald mantle throws
Over thy bosom; every year renews
Thy grassy turf, while man beneath it sleeps;
Evening still bathes it with its gentle dews,
Which every morn day's glorious monarch sweeps
With his gay smile away:—and so we lie,
Gather'd in the storehouse of mortality.
That storehouse overflows with heavenly seed;
And, planted by th' Eternal Husbandman,

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Water'd and watch'd, it shall hereafter breed
A progeny of strength, no numbers can
Or reach or reckon. It shall people heaven;
Fill up the thrones of angels:—it shall found
A kingdom, knowing nor decay nor bound,
Built on the base by Gospel promise given.

MONDAY MORNING.

O SWEET it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wand'rings here—
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from Thy notice, from Thy care.

When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe;
Say, dost Thou love Thy children less?
No, ever-gracious Father! No.

No distance can outreach Thy eye,
No night obscure Thy endless day:
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

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Unseen, yet every where Thou art,
Felt every where, yet all unknown!
In the frail temple of my heart,
As on Thine everlasting throne.

Where'er I turn, where'er I go,
Spirit sublime! Thy light, Thy love,
Are there: in ocean-caves below,
On yonder farthest orb above.

Thy presence in the shade is seen,
As in the sunshine; in a worm,
As in a world; in eve serene,
As in the thunder of the storm.

Weak are our thoughts: our sight is dim,
Or our uncertain'd eye might see
A sweeter, purer, holier beam
In sorrow, than in revelry.

The fairest flow'rets of the mead,
The sparkling gem, the insect gay,
From the dark womb of earth proceed,
And borrow from the dust their ray.

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The glow-worm sparkling thro' the night,
The star that twinkles in the sky;
Take from surrounding gloom their light—
Their splendour from obscurity.

And not the vilest, not the worst,
His discipline of mercy proves:
His chastening hand descends the first
On those who love Him—those He loves.

Pride, power, would seem to pass their hours
Basking in an unclouded day;
On them the dew of comfort showers,
And crown'd with flowery wreaths are they!

'Tis false, 'tis vain! those dews are cold—
They fall—but they refresh not them;
And those fair-seeming flow'rets hold
A canker in their budding stem.

In His just scales, the meanest thing
That bears the name of man—when weigh'd,
Is dear as is the proudest king
In all his glittering robes array'd.

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The wretch who in the common street
The victim of oppression falls,
Is noble as the titled great
Who dies in luxury's painted halls.

Men are deceived by idle names—
'Tis easier to be rich than wise:
And wisdom less distinctions claims
Than fortune's idle vanities.

But God the naked soul surveys—
Its dress deserves not His regard:
'Tis worth alone obtains His praise,
And holiness His bright reward.

MONDAY EVENING.

The evening twilight gently dies;
The air is cool; the silent night
Serenely reigns; the curtain'd skies
To contemplation's shrine invite;

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The labours of the day are done:
That man how exquisitely blest,
Who, with the calm declining sun,
Is shrouded in untroubled rest!

Thrice blest, who steals 'neath twilight's smile,
Tranquil as yon fair arch above,
To sleep, securely sleep awhile,
In the kind arms of heavenly love:
With no reproaching voice within,
To break upon the calm of bliss;
As evening's earliest dew serene,
And gentle as the twilight is.

The sun of virtue, while it glows
Resplendent in its mid-day power,
An ever-during radiance throws
On every distant future hour:
'Tis like the rose, whose beauties fade,
But whose sweet odours, saved by art,
A sphere of wider round pervade,
A fragrance more condens'd impart.

O wretched he whose vanish'd past
No sunshine for the future leaves;

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Whose present is a joyless waste,
Where gloomy disappointment grieves
O'er pleasures pall'd—o'er hopes destroy'd—
Time wasted—talents buried—life
Trifled—neglected—unenjoyed—
'Midst folly's whims, and passion's strife.

And life is such a flitting thing,
And joy is such a glancing star,
And such vain sprites, on shadowing wing,
The train of earth's delusions are,
That he who builds his towering schemes
On surge-like bases—such as these—
Rears but a pyramid of dreams
Upon the ever-shifting seas.

Alas! the brightest and the best
Of earthly pleasures soon decay;
The sweetest and the loveliest
Glide, like a passing breeze, away.
Yes! e'en like nature's fairest birth,
The flow'ret's blushing thro' the dew,
The rude wind sweeps them from the earth—
But not like flowers, to smile anew.

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E'en like the fell'd, the falling tree,
That, east or west, in ruin lies—
Crush'd by the stroke of destiny,
Man, with the dull dust blended, dies.
But he shall from that bed arise,
Renew'd by heaven's eternal spring;
And in the garden of the skies
Bloom in eternal blossoming.

TUESDAY MORNING.

How wisely is the stream of life controll'd
In its mild course—exhausted, and renew'd!
When toiling day its hurried tide has roll'd,
Comes night's sweet season;—a vicissitude
Of labour and of rest;—the day-rays shine
Upon the mountains,—and I *live again*:
Yet blest it is our spirits to resign
To the calm influence of midnight's reign.
Land of pure freedom—kingdom of repose!
I lay and slept—the day had hid his beam,
And my tired spirit at the evening's close
Slept with the sun—while many a lovely dream

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Play'd with my wandering intellect, and spread
Its soften'd colouring round me,—and I breath'd
In new existence, by bright fancy led
To realms, in which eternal garlands wreath'd
The enfranchised spirit. What a blessedness,
Tho' for a moment only, to take wing
To the fair regions of eternal peace,
The paradise of everlasting spring,
Whose life-source is immortal! E'en this world
Were a most privileged, most bright abode,
If hence—imagination's wings unfurl'd
Could sometimes waft th' aspiring soul to God.
Man's hopes and fears may seem confined, to him
Whose vision stretches not o'er mortal things:
But the most distant star's invisible beam,
Or comet in his farthest journeyings,
Or all the extent which philosophic ken
Has given to infinite space—th' elastic soul
Springs over: these, and more than these, in vain
Her free and untired wand'rings would control.
At will, she travels on from sun to sun—
System to system—peoples as she flies
Unnumber'd stars—an all-creating one!
Dives into nature's deepest mysteries;
Unlocks the gates of death, and holds communion
With spirits of the tomb; and yet this spark,

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So bright and beautiful, is held in union
With mortal clay,—unintellectual, dark,
And seems to perish. It can perish never.
Born of the heavens, again to heaven it speeds
To dwell in its own home—to shine for ever,
Divested of its dull and mortal weeds.
Great Being! who hast placed Thy pilgrim here,
In the dull twilight of this shadow-land,
O lead me to that brighter, better sphere,
'Neath the mild influence of Thy guiding hand.
Let me partake Thy gifts, Thy gifts improve,
Enjoy Thy sunshine here, and pluck the flowers
Strew'd on my path by Thy benignant love;
Inhale the freshness of the morning hours,
The fragrance of the evening breeze; and see
In all things Thy directing spirit, Lord!
Thou, in all nature visible—all in Thee:
And hear Thy voice, Thy all-impressive word,
In every sound of air, or earth, or sea;
For all—O God! are pregnant with Thy praise—
And I thus join the general harmony,
And my low song of grateful worship raise.

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TUESDAY EVENING.

To Thee, my God! to Thee I bring
The evening's grateful offering;
From Thee, the source of joy above,
Flow everlasting streams of love;
And all the rays of light that shine,
And bless creation, Lord! are Thine.

From the green valley, glad and gay,
Among whose flowers the zephyrs play,
Up to the azure hill, whose height
And distance bound the far-stretch'd sight,
Rearing its proud head silently;
All, all is eloquent with Thee.

And from the little worm, whose light
Shines palely thro' the shades of night,
Up to the sparkling stars that run
Their evening rounds—or glorious sun,
Rolling his car to twilight's rest—
All, all in Thee is bright and blest.

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The morn, when stepping down the hills—
The noon, which all creation fills
With glory—evening's placid fall—
The twilight—and the raven pall
Of midnight—all alike proclaim
Thy great, Thine all-impressive Name.

When in the darkness deep and dull
The shining stars look beautiful;
When the blue heavens that we behold,
Are sprinkled o'er with living gold,
And the calm breeze speaks whisperingly—
We hold communion, Lord! with Thee.

A thousand suns around us rise,
As bright as lamps of paradise;
While countless stars, commingling, play
In yonder devious milky way;
And the tall hills and valleys deep,
Are wrapt in calm and solemn sleep.

And softly sink night's shades again
Upon the shifting tents of men;

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And welcome is the evening hour,
And sweet the midnight's magic power,
Which thro' the silence of the air
Visits the heart, and triumphs there.

'Tis still! and darkness' mild control
Revives, renews the wearied soul—
Its mild, benignant influence,
Strengthens again th' exhausted sense;
And when the morning twilight breaks,
A re-created man awakes.

On the green branch the slumb'ring bird
Broods calmly—in the woods is heard
Nor voice, nor echo—silent all,
Except the untired waterfall,
That seems to glide more sweetly on,
Because its song is heard alone.

But over all,—above, below,
We see *Thee*—ever-present Thou!
In every wand'ring rill that flows,
In every gentle breeze that blows;
In every rising, setting sun,
We trace Thee—own Thee—holy One!

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Yes! in the mid-day's fervid beams,
And in the midnight's shadowy dreams,
In action and repose, we see,
We recognise and worship Thee:
To Thee our worthiest songs would give,
And in Thee die, and to Thee live.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

FATHER! at whose awakening nod
The early day-break gilds the hills;
'Tis Thy almighty mandate, God!
Which mountain, valley, sea and sod,
With light and joy and glory fills.

To Thee my spirit fain would soar,
To Thee my trusting eye would look,
In holiest confidence adore,
And read with sweetest pleasure o'er
Nature's impressive, varied book.

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'Tis Thy benignant hand, that sheds
Its light, its wisdom thro' our breast;
And, like a gentle shepherd, leads
Thy wandering flocks thro' fruitful meads,
To the calm fold of peace and rest.

The peace which earth hath never given,
The pure, self-sacrificing love,
The joy which flows alone from heaven,
The silent bliss, like summer's even,
The hope, which has its shrine above:—

All these, and more than these, are Thine!
The truth, which has its source in Thee,
Who art all truth! the strength divine
Of virtue, and the golden mine
Of dignified humanity.

These are Thy gifts; and these shall be
My pure, habitual offering:
Accept, great God of purity!
Accept, forgive benignantly,
The imperfect tribute that I bring.

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Lord! when I seek Thy face, I feel
I am but dust—the sprinkled dew
Of morning :—but the tow'ring will
That soars to heaven, is heavenly still—
And man, tho' clay, is *spirit* too.

Yes! I can feel that, tho' a clod
Of the dark vale, there is a *sense*
Of better things—the fit abode
Of *something* tending up to God—
A germ of pure intelligence.

I know not how th' Eternal hand
Has moulded man—but this I know,
That while 'midst earth's strange scenes I stand,
Bright visions of a better land
Go with me still, where'er I go.

And surely dreams so pure, so sweet,
Friendly to hope and joy and worth,
Are not the phantoms of deceit,
Delusions sent to blind, to cheat
The weary, wand'ring sons of earth.

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No! no such dazzling errors these,
As when, in Zara's deserts vast,
The exhausted, panting traveller sees
Bright lakes, that mock his miseries,
And prove but burning sands at last.

If in the breast of man there be
(And sure as he exists there is)
The seed of immortality,
Who bids it grow there? Who, but He
Who *destined* him to endless bliss?

My God! we are Thy offspring—time
Is but our infancy—the earth
Our cradle—but our *home's* a clime
Eternal, sorrowless, sublime—
Heaven is the country of our birth!

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The day is past,—night's gentle power renews
Its holy influence o'er created things;
The earth is bathed in evening's gentle dews,
And over man sleep waves its plumy wings.

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So rolls life's day of brightness—and its eve
Comes softly stealing, when the pilgrim tires;
We rest upon earth's silent lap, and leave
Its busy cares, to sleep where slept our sires.
Lo! that sweet infant on its mother's breast,
The proud world smiles around him, glad and gay;
But soon that bosom will be sooth'd to rest—
And death shall sweep that laughing child away.
No place is crowded like the peopled tomb;
Death from his victories reposes never;
Each moment's pregnant with some mortal's doom,
And hearts are breaking—myriads mourning ever.
Thou God of life! thou Arbiter of death!
Thou wip'st the death-sweat from the cold pale brow,
Thou listenest to the last departing breath,
And linkest our hereafter to our now.
O let that *now* roll tranquilly along,
Gilded by that *hereafter*.—Spirit of love!
Let Thy kind angels round my footsteps throng,
And point my hopes, my thoughts, my prayers above:
And in the bed of sickness—or the tomb
Of desolation, where my ashes rest—
There may these holy visitations come,
Ministering spirits from their regions blest.

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And while I linger in this forest dark
Of mortal life, let my aspiring eye
Catch from the heavenly world one smiling spark
To light my onward pilgrimage on high.
Dull is the lightning to the meanest beam,
Which e'en from heaven's extremest bound is driven;
The sun is darkness, to one ray from Him
Who kindled all the fires of earth and heaven.
All-kind, all-holy Father! Thou, whose grace
Illumined every star that's hung in air;
Guardian of nature! Thou, whose glorious face
Is shadow'd forth in all that's bright or fair.
There are ten thousand blessed spirits that roam
O'er this dark world—and voices numberless—
We hear them, but we know not whence they come:
Ten thousand golden harps are strung, and bless
With their soft music the delighted ear—
It is from heaven, and heavenly is its tone—
"Holy!" they cry—those choirs of angels hear!
"Thrice holy One!" they sing, "Thrice holy One!"

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THURSDAY MORNING.

Come forth in thy purple robes again,
Thou brightest star of heaven!
Another day the Guardian of men
Has to His children given.
Receive the gift with gratitude;
My soul! to thy Maker ascend,
And bear thy songs to the Source of good,
To thy Father and thy Friend.

Bring him thy morning tribute meet,
Devotion's offering;
How privileged to hold communion sweet
With thine and creation's King!
I look around,—a thousand things
Enjoy the sunny beam:
And Nature her million voices brings
To form an anthem to Him.

O join the songs of the air, the grove,
And the chorus of the sea;
For, hark! the spirits of light above
Re-echo the harmony.

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And see! ten thousand angels smile
Thro' the firmament's golden doors;
And from silver clouds, heaven's hand the while
Scatters our path with flowers.

The senses indeed must be dark and dull,
That in nature no charms can see;
For beauty's self is more beautiful
To the eye of piety.
And deaf indeed is the clay-cold ear,
That no sounds of music greet;
Tho' nought as the music of praise and prayer
Is half so exquisite.

And why should man a distant bliss
So eagerly, fondly chase,
While the holy joys of a world like this
Invite his present embrace?
Are the unknown beings of yonder zone
More privileged than we?
Does a shorter year, or a brighter sun,
Imply felicity?

They may wander perchance in groves of palm,
And dwell in palaces bright;

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They may breathe an air as sweet as balm,
And be clad in robes of light:
Yet there, as here, the fatal grave
Will o'er their possessions close;
And the more they hope, and the more they have,
The more they are destined to lose.

O let our portion content us then,
The portion which GOD has given;
For man is the fair earth's denizen,
And the heritor of heaven.
Above him are gorgeous, golden clouds,
That roll in glory afar;
And the night, which its bosom in darkness shrouds,
Is sprinkled with many a star.

And brighter and fairer than star or sun
Is the light that beams from on high,
A light which conducts its pilgrims on
To the shrine of eternal joy:
And thither our towering thoughts shall soar,
And there the tired spirit shall rest;
While hope bursts open the heavenly door
Of the mansions of the blest.

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THURSDAY EVENING.

CALM is the eve, and nature's wasting strength
Is, by the gentle influence of repose,
Repair'd, rekindled;—with the morning's dawn,
As if new-born, the world awakes; and throws
The wearying burden of existence down,
When night invites to rest.
And such new birth
In soul and spirit well beseemeth man:
His grosser part decays and dies away;
Then let him fan that bright, immortal spark,
Glimmering in the recesses of his heart,
That lights up virtue's flame, and wisdom's torch—
The torch of heavenly wisdom;—that pure star,
Which shines as sweetly as Aldebaran
Thro' the dark grating of a prison-house:
Guided by this, man shall be free indeed
In the transcendent glorious liberty
Which our Deliverer wrought and perfected.
He who is born of the corporeal sense,
Is but a heavy, useless mass obscure,
Till lighted by the Spirit, that gives life
And beauty and perfection. Then indeed

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A glorious birth succeeds—the power of death
Is broken, and the enfranchised prisoner walks
In the expanse of heaven and blessedness:
So privileged is regenerated man!
His influence is as gentle and as sweet
As that of evening's breath, which silently
Steals over nature—musical its voice,
Unseen its workings,—but upon its wings
Sit cheerfulness and health. The pilgrim feels
Its fresh and honest greeting, and moves on,
Cheer'd and supported. He has raised a pile
To wisdom, and there worships, and there keeps
Habitual court, and every morn and night
Lights up pure incense at the holy shrine,
And takes another step tow'rds heaven and God.
O Thou! whose light-encircled throne is built
Upon eternity—listen! May his lot
Be Thy now-worshiping servant's; let my path
Thus lead me to Thy presence. Even here
I see Thy glory beaming thence—I hear,
Amidst the harmony of thousand stars,
Some angel-voice inviting;—and I feel
As if the garlands of celestial growth
Had touch'd my forehead. O transporting dreams!
Beautiful visions of that land of joy,
Unveil'd by God, and clad in starry light!

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O privileged moment! when the gates of heaven
Glitter resplendently upon my view.
In that soft light so sweetly shining now,
Amidst those visions thro' the shades of time,
Beneath those stars which so serenely smile—
My heart shall be devoted all to Thee.

FRIDAY MORNING.

TO THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE GOD.

(From the Spanish of MELENDEZ.)

FIRST, Mightiest Deity! Eternal Mind!
Revealed—but hidden One!
Thou in a veil of fadeless glory shrin'd,
Yet to all seen and known!
Holy Jehovah! whose immortal essence
I weigh not,—but confess—
And feel Thy influence, Thy celestial presence,
In all my happiness.
All lives, all breathes, all vegetates in Thee;
Thy power all being gives;
The bird upsoars, the fish divides the sea—
Man understands, and lives.

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The farther my inquiring thoughts advance,
The farther dost Thou fly—
And nought I see, but my own ignorance
And Thy immensity.
Thee, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain,
How should those thoughts embrace?
My feeble reason strives and soars in vain
Thy cloud-wrapt path to trace.
That reason in the infinite recess
Of dazzling light is drown'd,
And, blinded in its night of nothingness,
Bows, humbled to the ground.
For if to man to know Thee it were given,
He would be like to Thee;
Would wrest Thy sceptre, and usurp in heaven
Thy throne of majesty.
But Thou art far beyond my knowledge, Lord!
Filling all space—all time.
The first—the last—ungovern'd and ador'd,
Thou mak'st Thy path sublime—
Thou givest motion to the heavens—Thy hand
Pours out the deep, proud sea:
And the adamantine pillars of the land
Are rear'd and propp'd by Thee.
Thy way is in th' empyreum—and Thy feet
Tread the eternal hills;

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Yet Thy eye visits death's profoundest pit,
And night with brightness fills;
And from that car of light where Thou dost ride,
Thine eye, serene and holy,
Mourns over man's intolerable pride,
Laughs at his towering folly.
But Thou art vaster than the unbounded sky,
And the unfathom'd ocean;
Thou art—and wert before eternity—
Before or rest or motion.
How shall I praise Thee?—Seraphs, when they bring
The homage of their lyre,
Veil their bright face beneath their flaming wing,
And tremble and retire.
Eternal Majesty—immense abyss—
Light and Infinity!
Canst Thou unveil Thee to a worm like this?
No! 'Tis all dark to me.
Who art Thou? Where? O condescend to speak,
And let Thy servant hear:—
O lend me wings—and I my God will seek
Thro' every rolling sphere.
I'll ask the rapid wind, I'll ask the storm,
I'll ask Orion bright—
'Say, hast thou seen His venerable form,
The shadow of His light?'

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I'll meet the comet in his fiery way,
Stay Sirius on his road—
I'll stop the hurrying night, the hastening day,
To tell me—Where is God?
I'll ask——forgive my daring, gracious One!
And lead the wanderer home;
O may I catch one light-beam from Thy throne,
Thro' ages yet to come!
For how should earthly dust presume to rise
So daringly, so high?
And how should dim and dying mortal eyes
Bear splendours of the sky?
I cannot bear them;—but I feel, and know,
That Thou art every where;
And worms and worlds—the lofty and the low,
All, all Thy power declare;
All, all Thy love proclaim—Thy power, and love,
Obvious to every sense;
And heard in all, around, beneath, above,
In varied eloquence.
I see Thee in the flower—I feel Thee still
In every breath of air,
I hear Thee in the music of the rill:
GOD! Thou art every where.
This is enough all sadness to control,
All doubts and fears to chase;

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And to shed over my enraptured soul
The rivers of Thy grace.
To contemplate—enjoy—admire—adore—
And send sweet thoughts tow'rds heaven;
What can an earthly spirit ask for more?
What more to man be given?
Lost in Thy works,—yet full of humble trust,
I close the worthless lay;
Bow down my reverent forehead in the dust,
And in meek silence pray.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Hour after hour steals rapidly away,
Bearing past pleasures on its airy wings,
E'en like the sunny clouds, which evening's ray
Gilds with ten thousand bright and beauteous things.
Where are the million million actors now
That once this busy scene of being trod?
All garner'd underneath the grassy sod,
Sleeping yon heaps of turf, or stone, below!

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'Tis fleeting all,—all false:—in life's rude sea,
Religion is the only towering rock;
A thousand ages roll on hurriedly—
It stands unshaken by the billow's shock:
It stands unshaken. Mountains tottering fall,
Hills bow,—and forests, cities, shrines decay:
There's no security, no staff, nor stay—
Time's mighty curtain must envelop all.
But thou, heaven's daughter, hast in heaven thy throne,
Thy chariot moves with the unclouded sun;
Thy light, thy strength, immortal and alone,
Roll in their full career of glory on.
What tho' the door of evening's twilight close?
What tho' the voice of death may call aloud?
In midnight's gloom a star of Eden glows—
A beam of heavenly hope illumes the shroud.
Fulfil thy journey, pilgrim! all may fade,
Fail, perish round thee—death shall dim thy eye,
Shall freeze thy beating heart—and thou shalt lie
A silent slumberer in the realms of shade;
Yet faint not,—fear not! let thy nobler sense
Look upward—it shall see delightful gleams
Smiling from heaven—catch pure intelligence
From realms of truth—and from the idle dreams

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Of earth escaping; build a holy fane
To those high principles, unshaken, real,
Tow'ring above these passing scenes ideal,
Chase all the flitting clouds of time and pain.
  Ours is a faith, nurtured and nourished
In the inmost heart—but not imprison'd there—
With holy thoughts and aspirations fed,
The object of its worship always near:
That object—the all-present Spirit of God—
A spirit more diffused than is the light,
(For it no twilight knows, nor clouds, nor night,)
Beaming thro' all—yet fixing its abode
In the recesses of the pious breast.
Ye soft and beautiful dreams! whose origin
Is, when life's day is purest, holiest,
Ere tinged by suffering, or stain'd by sin;
Growing with our growth, and strength'ning with
        our strength,
And glowing in our full maturity,
Till, mingled with our being, they shall be
The link that binds us to our heaven at length.
  This world has nought to soothe or satisfy
The spirit, save the lustre it receives
(Like sun-beams glimmering thro' the dewy eaves)
From the bright influence of eternity.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

The sand of another week has run,
All but its last and closing day;
And its few remnant moments soon
The common ruin will sweep away.
Time hurries, as the sparkling ray
That dances on the fleeting stream.
Is life a dream?—Ah! if a dream,
A dream of sad reality.
Whether we trace the days gone by,
Or to the cheating future look—
'Tis all a dark and gloomy book,
Which vice and folly, stubborn will,
And silent blanks, and sorrow, fill.
And so we are driven—driven ever,
Down time's impetuous, wintry river.
One is unchanged—and He alone;
Th' Immutable—the glorious One!
His plans are never thwarted—He
For each his destined portion pours;
Drives these along the troubled sea,
Those lands upon the peaceful shores.
Who reads His mysteries?—Who can tell
The deep recesses of His plan?—

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Who sees the great Invisible?
Who can unveil a God to man?
None!—but His love to each hath given
A holy visitant from heaven;
A guardian spirit from that sphere,
For an attending angel here;—
'Tis Virtue! and her kingdom stands
Firmly erected in the breast:
O see her lift her welcoming hands,
And call her children to her rest.
What fear they?—Ever onwards prest
From good to better, still improving—
Now their bright thoughts o'er Eden roving,
Now, in the midst of earthly night,
Stretching an anxious, eager eye
To realms of immortality;
And drinking in pure streams of light,
From the eternal fountains flowing;
Gifts of joy on all bestowing—
Wiping off the dewy tear
That drops upon the sufferer's cheek;
Smiling on the pure, the meek,
Like a heavenly comforter;
Thro' life's discords sweetly breathing
Music, soft as twilight hours;

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With the thorny garland wreathing
Lilies, roses, fairest flowers;
Looking beautifully through
All the clouds of grief or scorn,
As the primrose thro' the dew,
Scatter'd by the hand of morn:
Now on pinions of the air—
Now on ocean—now on land,
Tracing the Almighty hand
All-directing, every where.
In the blue expanse above—
On earth's robe of green below
Strewing beauty, shedding love:
Stars that shine, and flowers that blow,
Rills that musically flow,
Mountains that majestic rise,
Torches, altars, melodies—
All Thou lovest, leadest, lightest:
Thou, of all things holiest, brightest,
Greatest, best! Thy glorious praise
Thus I utter lowly, lonely:
Thou, my God, my Father only—
Thus to Thee I tune my lays.

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SATURDAY EVENING.

THRO' the thick trees the evening breezes speak,
And ripple the calm surface of the lake;
And heaven is clad in its star-spangled robe;
While stillness lulls to rest the weary globe:
Thus days and weeks roll on—thus all things tend,
Thro' various issues, to one common end.
Now Night resumes her rest-compelling rod,
And all is hush'd to soft repose, but God!
Now let my soul direct its flight to *Him*,
And, soaring o'er this shadowy darkness dim,
Reach the lov'd threshold of His throne divine,
And bring accepted tribute to His shrine.
The week is past—the Sabbath dawn comes on:
Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done;
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be—
As one that trembles on eternity.
For sure as this now-closing week is past,
So sure advancing Time will close thy last;
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail thy sight.

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Spirit of Good! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of Thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, kindly still
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill:
Thou, Thou in every storm hast shelter'd me
Beneath the wing of Thy benignity;—
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist—Thy mercy's monument!
A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain—
I live—and pleasure flows thro' every vein.
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand—
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.
How can I praise Thee, Father! how express
My debt of reverence, and of thankfulness?
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells its vast amount.
For the week's duties Thou hast given me strength,
And brought me to its tranquil close at length,
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to Thy glorious praise:
And if inspired by reverent trust,—and free
From vain presumption, it may reach e'en Thee;
But ah! the least of all Thy gifts exceeds
The best, the holiest of my thoughts or deeds.

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Were I but worthy of Thy love!—I will—
If Thy pure Spirit help me to fulfil
This solemn pledge: I will—Thy blessing, Lord,
Shall give a sacred influence to the word,
And hallow and confirm the humble vow—
My Friend, my Father! O confirm it now!

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THIRD WEEK.

AUTUMN.

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SUNDAY MORNING.

Of all the gifts conferr'd by Heaven,
Time is the brightest—is the best:
Through time, eternity is given;
By earthly labours—heavenly rest.

While days and weeks pass gently by,
How little do we deem that these
Are germs of immortality—
The buds of mightiest destinies!

Yet not too fondly let us trust
The flitting, fading morning's ray:
All earthly promises are dust;
All earthly pyramids are clay.

Time's visions are but treachery,
Soon wreck'd on dark oblivion's wave;
Its paths, however bright they be,
Lead to one common spot—the grave.

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The grave may bound the views of some—
To me it is no boundary;
For the dull prison of the tomb
Is but the gate of life to me.

I will not seek my birthright here;
A few vile pageants—grasp them—they,
Tho' bright and shining they appear,
Melt into air, and pass away.

My hopes are higher, nobler far—
They are immortal, splendid, bright;
Pure, lofty as yon morning star,
That shines with clear and holy light.

My thoughts ascend above the earth,
And seek their primal, proud abode;
The country of their heavenly birth,
The land of peace, of joy, of God.

My mortal robes I'll cast aside,
And there be clad as angels are—
And with the Sun in glory ride,
On his fire-girded, dazzling car—

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Wherever joy or virtue is—
Farther than eye could e'er discern:—
Strange! that a world so mean as this
Should e'er engage my chief concern.

Strange! that these fleeting, fading forms,
Which Heaven has named *immortal men*,
Rising from dust like reptile worms,
So turn to vilest dust again.

Strange! that this nobly-fashion'd mould,
In which a very god might dwell,
Should only live to dig for gold—
And perish in its narrow cell.

Strange! when that shining, shifting ore
Is but delusive, dazzling clay—
A shell men grasp—and grasp no more,
E'en while they throw the pearl away.

A higher destiny is mine,
And brighter hopes, and holier cares;
Thoughts stretching on to joys divine;
Hours pregnant with eternal years!

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SUNDAY EVENING.

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
The evening of the Sabbath day!
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
When I have tuned my vesper lay
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with heaven communion meet,
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the Eternal Mind
Bends sometimes from His throne of bliss;
Where should we then His presence find,
But in an hour so blest as this—
An hour of calm tranquillity,
Silent, as if to welcome Thee?

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Yes! if the Great Invisible,
Descending from His seat divine,
May deign upon this earth to dwell—
Where shall He find a welcoming shrine,
But in the breast of man, who bears
His image, and His Spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
My soul,—and let my heart prepare
A throne:—Come, veil'd in awful shade,
Spirit of GOD! that I may dare
Hail Thee!—nor, like Thy prophet, be
Blinded by Thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wand'ring thoughts within,
To hold communion, Lord! with Thee;
And, purified from taint of sin
And earth's pollutions, let me see
Thine image,—for a moment prove,
If not Thy majesty, Thy love—

That love which over all is shed—
Shed on the worthless as the just;
Lighting the stars above our head,
And waking beauty out of dust,

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And rolling in its glorious way
Beyond the farthest comet's ray,

To Him alike the living stream
And the dull regions of the grave:
All watch'd, protected all, by Him,
Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
Drops in the hour-glass, never still,
So, gather'd in by Death's rude hand,
The storehouse of the grave we fill;
And sleep in peace, as safely kept
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here?—To tend
From good to better—thence to best:
Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

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And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May 'shrine our names in Memory's light;
And the blest seeds we scatter'd, bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

MONDAY MORNING.

Waked by Thy sun, again my thoughts ascend
To Thee, my heavenly Father! and they blend
In one devotional hymn of praise and prayer.
All-present Being! now the morning air
Is calm, is fragrant with Thy Spirit—bright
With the reflected influence of Thy light.
The trees are bending with Thy rich supplies;
It is Thy beauty-giving hand that dies
The purple grape,—that thro' the vales, the meads,
The many-colour'd flowers wide-blooming spreads;
Crimsons the downy peach,—and skirts the wood
With many a golden ridge,—and tips the flood

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With radiance stolen from heaven: the praise be
Thine,
Father, Creator, Leader, King Divine! [
Eternal Source of joy! 'tis *Thou* dost bless
With all we hope for, all that we possess:
When the world sleeps in darkness, Thy pure eye
Looks sweetly out on its obscurity;
Until the awaken'd Sun his standard rears,
And in his glorious crown of light appears
Rising o'er the orient mountains; life, renew'd,
Re-animates the busy multitude
That swarms upon Earth's bosom.—Joy again
Waves her bright wing over the countless train
Of beings, whom Heaven's never-sleeping eye
Watch'd thro' the night, and now to the energy
Of day recalls.—I bow myself in dust,
And feel Thy awful hand sublime and just.
And own Thy hallow'd presence—for I see
O'er all, and in all, Thy benignity.
And I would kiss Thy rod—and to *Thee* fly,
As my best refuge: Thou art ever nigh,
E'en in the shades of earth—and brighter still,
Beyond the summit of that clouded hill
Which veils futurity.—Now hear my prayer,
And be Thy staff my guide, my steps Thy care;
Thy call I follow; summon where it may,
Thy hand shall guide—where'er it points the way;

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Thy light illumine, and Thy Spirit cheer;
Thy influence, ever active, ever near,
Shall gild the smiling hour with brighter ray,
And give to darkness some sweet gleams of day;
Shall lead us gently thro' our pilgrimage,
And drop us safely in the lap of age;
And watch our bed of slumber,—and awake
From the grave's dreams, when that great morn shall break
Upon the realms of death—and waft us on,
Borne on Faith's pinions to the Eternal's throne.

MONDAY EVENING.

O God! Thy kingdom is a mansion bright,
Where peace and joy and truth and love and light
Mingle harmoniously; while like a sun
Thine eye of holiness looks sweetly down.
There the heart rests 'midst sacred visions, beaming
From yon side death,—whence tides of splendour streaming,
Bear from heaven's throne—heaven's glowing golden seat,
An effluence of glory infinite;

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Covering the earth with hope and blessedness,
And wiping the wet eyelids of distress;
Guiding the blind, encouraging the weak,
And teaching even lisping tongues to speak
In accents of devotion;—those who fall
Upraising, lighting, leading, blessing all.
In the soft stillness of obscurity,
The hour of calm, the hour of ecstacy,
In hope, in memory, in the thoughts that rise
Beyond the clouded mansions of the skies,
In all on earth that's heavenly—all above—
Temp'ring with earthly memories, earthly love—
Where'er there's joy, Thy shadow'd Presence is,
And the whole universe is full of bliss;
For earth is link'd to heaven—and all we see
And suffer, ripens to felicity.
There is a Spirit o'er creation spread,
Tho' darkness draw its curtains round our head,
And sorrow's streams flow at our mortal feet,—
There is a Spirit, sanctified and sweet,
That breathes of other scenes and holier things,
Broods o'er the earth with healing on its wings,
And is an angel-messenger from heaven:
There is a Spirit to our spirits given,
Which holds communion with our nobler part,
That sheds a hallow'd influence on our heart;

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Gives pinions to our thoughts, and to our prayers,
And harmonizes all our doubts and cares
To meek submission—an Intelligence
That gladdens with its living influence
All space, all time,—and trains our earthly eye
To bear the blaze of immortality.
As in the silence of a cloudless night
The gentle moon disperses her soft light
Thro' the low murmuring trees, which evening's gale
Plays on in sportiveness 'midst shadows pale,
And the earth sleeps beneath the sway serene
Of midnight's chaste and glory-circled queen;
So, in the calm of holiness, the soul
Reposes 'neath Religion's blest control,
Lighted with radiance from a higher sphere:
Nor shall that radiance e'er desert us here,
Till all our earthly labours shall be done,
And we be gather'd homeward one by one.

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TUESDAY MORNING.

The stars have sunk in yon concave blue,
And the sun is peeping thro' the dew;
Thy Spirit, Lord! doth Nature fill—
Before Thee angels' tongues are still,
And seraphs hush their golden strings
In Thy high presence, King of kings!
How then shall I, a clod of clay,
Or lift my voice, or tune my lay?
Thou! who the realms of space and time
Dost people with Thy might sublime;
Whose power is felt below, above,
Felt in Thy wisdom, in Thy love;
Whose awful voice is heard around,
Heard in its silence as its sound;
Whose lovely Spirit doth pervade
Alike the sunshine and the shade,
And shines and smiles in sorrow's night
As clearly as in pleasure's light.
Thou in the evening's silence deep
Cradlest the weary world in sleep;

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And, when the sun mounts o'er the hill,
Call'st us our duties to fulfil.
'Tis Thou who o'er the billowy sea
Dost ride in awful majesty,
Walkest sublime on the winds, and greetest
The Spirit of day, when fairest and sweetest
It fills the bosom of nature with bliss—
In moments as calm and holy as this.
We see Thee then in light arrayed,
Dispersing all the twilight's shade,
Tuning the music of the bee,
Painting the flowers' variety,
Waking the thousand smiles that are playing
On morning's cheeks,—and viewless straying
With the mild breeze, over hill and plain,
Turning to gold the autumnal grain;
Giving the rose its blushing hue,
Changing to diamonds drops of dew,
Gathering the vapours from the main,
Scattering them o'er the earth again:
Then it is that Nature's throng
Join in the joyous, general song;
Then Thy Spirit shines brighter, clearer;
Then Thy voice speaks softer, nearer;
Then Thy sun would seem to wear
His festival robes of beauty rare,

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And all creation, glad and gay,
Revels as in a holiday.
Lord! Thou hast Thunders—but they sleep;
Storms—but they now their prisons keep:
Nothing is breathing below, above,
But the spirit of harmony, joy, and love;
Nothing is seen or heard around,
But beauty's smiles, and music's sound:
Music re-echoed in earth and air,
Beauty that's visible every where,
Join the concert—share the joy;
Why should the cares of earth alloy
Pleasures which heaven itself has given,
Heavenly pleasures, which lead to heaven?

TUESDAY EVENING.

Stillness reigns—the vapours steal
Slowly down the mountain's brow,
And the evening shadows veil
Nature's face of brightness now;

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Flowers put off their glorious dress,
All the morning smiles are fled,
Earth is wrapt in loneliness
And the silence of the dead.

Thus beneath the hand of GOD
Nature wakes and sleeps; but still
All-obedient to His nod,
All-submissive to His will.
So we flourish—so we fade:
Drinking now life's cup of joy,
Now on nature's bosom laid,
Treasured for eternity.

All is mortal but the soul,
Whose undying energy
Spurns the fettering world's control,
And upsoars, my GOD, to Thee.
When life's evening twilight shrouds
All our thoughts with care and gloom,
Then Thy sunshine breaks the clouds
Gather'd o'er the wintry tomb.

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Desolate the path appears
To the dim and distant eye;
Yet that path of darkness bears
Flowers of immortality.
O'er it shine eternal lamps;
And the mists so dark that seem,
Are like morning's chilly damps
Heralding the sunny beam.

Father! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallow'd wish and prayer
Has Thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope Thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;

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Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at Thy shrine;
These—and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are Thine.

And for all my hymns shall rise,
Daily to Thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied—righteous One!
Thro' life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, thro' ill and good,
Fix'd and cheer'd and counsell'd there.

All besides is weak indeed,
Dreams of folly—baseless hope.
Earth is but a broken reed:
Heaven the best, the only prop.
Who would live, to raise on earth
Some frail pile of dust—and die?
Man is of immortal birth,
Living for eternity.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING.

EXTINGUISH'D is the last lone star,
The shadows of night are gone,
And lo! in the east, day's golden car
Is fill'd by the glorious sun.
And list! for a thousand voices call—
The spirits of life and love—
Attune your hymns to the Father of all,
The Sovereign who reigns above.

'Tis He who opens the eastern gates,
Who kindles the morning's ray;
'Tis He whose Spirit all animates,
And the darkness and the day.
All the glories of the field are His,
All the music of the sky;
The light of hope, and the smile of bliss,
And nature's song of joy.

His temple is yon arch sublime,
Its pillars the eternal hills;
His chorus the solemn voice of time,
Which all creation fills.

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His worshipers are the countless train
Which the lap of nature bears,
And the boisterous wind, and the raging main,
And the silence of the spheres.

He rides unseen on the hurrying storm,
He sits on the whirlwind's car;
He wraps in clouds His awful form,
And travels from star to star.
A thousand messengers wait His will,
A million heralds fly,
His glorious mandates to fulfil,
On the wing eternally.

He smiles—and worlds spring forth to birth,
And suns in new glory rise;
He frowns—and darkness clads the earth,
And mantles the frighted skies.
Dost thou think He speaks in the thunder's roar,
Or shines in the lightning's beam?
Vain man! no thought of thine can soar
To any conception of Him.

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His strength nor perishing tongue can tell,
Nor immortal hymns rehearse;
'Tis high as the heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And wide as the universe:
The ocean to Him is a dewdrop small,
The mountains an atom of sand;
And the sun and the stars, and this earthly ball,
Are dust in His mighty hand.

And O! can a Being so great as He
Bend down to the earth His ear?
Can children of clay, so frail as we,
In His awful presence appear?
O yes! to His throne even we may rise;
To us is His promise given,
For a broken heart is a sacrifice
Which will find its way to heaven.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The evening star is aloft in heaven,
Palely it shines alone;
And nought is awake in the eye of even,
But the never-sleeping One.

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He mildly looks from His throne sublime,
Higher than mortal ken,
On the strange vicissitudes of time,
And stranger follies of men.

From thence our insolent race he scans;
They flutter and pass away,
And all their pursuits and all their plans
Are e'en more fragile than they.
They build vain visions of hope, and all,
All for their own undoing:
They raise the pile of folly—and fall
Buried beneath its ruin.

Is all then folly?—O heaven forbid!
Is all delusive beneath?
No! virtue may build her pyramid,
Peace twine her myrtle wreath.
Is all then darkness, all despair,—
Is all then discord?—No!
Earth has joys as bright as sunbeams are;
There's music of heaven below.

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Follow yon holy pilgrim there,
His path is as clear as day;
A thousand angels hovering near
To guide him on his way:
Tho' mountains tremble and rocks should break,
He is firmer far than they;
If he slumber, his spirit shall soon awake
To a glorious morning's ray.

Our bark is driven by joy and woe
O'er the ever-changing wave,
And the moon, which lights our footsteps now,
Will shine upon our grave.
And then for ever the glorious one
Shall sink in the tomb-like main:
O blest, if a brighter, purer sun
Shall beam on our rising then!

Great day! when a million lamps shall shine,
With heavenly ether blaze;
When a thousand rainbows of light divine
Shall arch the eternal space.

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Above the highest worshiper,
On His star-encircled throne
He sits—whose hand shall then confer
On merit its amaranth crown.

The meekest servant, the humblest son
Of virtue, His smile shall bless;
And shall put a wreath of glory on
The spirit of lowliness.
The children of pomp and wealth and pride,
Shall be met with a cold disdain,
There's many a slave shall be deified,
And many a scorn'd one reign.

There are eyes that have never shed a tear
Of sympathy or distress,
That shall weep and wail for ages there
In trembling hopelessness.
There are cheeks that misery's dewdrops now
Have furrow'd with agony,
That then shall be bright with the holy glow
Of eternal felicity.

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Then let the sands of existence fall,
The current of life flow fast;
Our times are in God's own hand, and all,
All will be well at last.
If bitterness dreg our earthly cup,
If sorrow disturb our career;
Eternity's joys can well fill up
The chasms of suffering here.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The orient is lighted with crimson glow,
The night and its dreams are fled,
And the glorious roll of nature now
Is in all its brightness spread.
The autumn has ting'd the trees with gold,
And crimson'd the shrubs of the hills;
And the full seed sleeps in earth's bosom cold;
And hope all the universe fills.

Hope gladdens the world with its living ray,
And smiles serenely on all;
It scatters a thousand charms in its way
Over this earthly ball:

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It has streams of peace, and joy, and love,
To water this valley of death;
And brings the flowers of heaven from above
For virtue's undying wreath.

O say hast thou watch'd the maternal care,
Smiling on infancy?
O say, hast thou seen the joy-born tear,
Bright in a mother's eye?
Hast thou mark'd the babe on her bosom mild,
Slumbering in innocence yet?—
O she may forget that lovely child:
But God can never forget.

That God in his equal scales hath weigh'd
Our share of evil and good;
He hath blended our portion of light and shade
In a wise vicissitude.
He has temper'd our sunshine with sober gloom,
Lest its light should dazzle our sense;
And has given a warning voice to the tomb,
To summon our thoughts from hence.

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To Thee will I look, in Thee confide,
For my times are in Thy right hand;
And O! to my spirit be sanctified
Whatever Thy wisdom has plann'd.
My heart shall never 'gainst Thee rebel,
My soul no murmurer be;
For all is conducted wisely, well,
Since all is conducted by Thee.

O ne'er be that Father forgotten by me,
Who never His children forgot:
The fountain of wisdom and virtue is He,
To each He apportions his lot.
He is light, and knowledge, and purity;
We darkness and doubt alone:
The fragile children of dust are we,
And He—The Eternal One.

His years decay not—He sits sublime
On eternity's glowing car;
His ages are measured not by time,
And the days that departed are

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Add nothing to His existence;—nought
Shall be added by coming years:
But here man's utmost stretch of thought
Helpless and vain appears.

Our days like the leaves of autumn fall;
And yet a few mornings more,
And the bell shall toll for our funeral,
And the dream of life be o'er.
The sun may in clouds and storm descend,
And the shades of night appear;
My Father is there, my heavenly Friend,
O what should my spirit fear?

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

(From the Spanish of MELENDEZ.)

WHERE'ER I turn my restless eye,
Wand'ring from earth to heaven, from sphere to sphere
Great God! I feel Thy present Deity,
Every where feel Thee—Thou art every where.

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Yes! Thou art there—above th' empyreum high,
Veiled all in light:
Filling creation with Thy presence bright,
With the proud splendour of Thy majesty.
The little flower that grows
Beneath me, the gigantic mountain steep,
Whose brow is cover'd with eternal snows,
Whose roots are planted in the deep;
The breeze that murmuring blows
Among the green leaves, rustling in the sun,
And yonder glorious star, advancing on,
Gladd'ning earth, heaven, and all things as he goes:
These tell me that 'tis Thou
Who giv'st that sun his brightness—Thou whose wing,
Upon the rapid whirlwind journeying,
From the Aurora to the West doth go;
And that the mountain's towering height
Is Thy majestic throne;
And that the flower which breathes and blooms alone,
Breathes, blooms in Thy pure sight.
'Tis Thy immensity
Which compasses all this, and more; confest,
As in the greatest,—in the least;—
Atom—or comet blazing thro' the sky:
Thine is the circling robe
Of darkness—Thine the subtle veil

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Of the opening morning pale,
When first she throws her glories o'er the globe.
And when the spring descends
On the wide world, and decks her joyous bowers,
Thou smilest gently in her loveliest flowers;
Thy spirit with her sweetest odours blends.
When the red Sirius bears
His burning ardours thro' the summer hour,
Thy breezes play among the swelling ears,
And calm and temper his too-furious power.
I seek the leafy shade,
And Thou art there;—among the welcoming trees,
I feel Thy visitings in the freshen'd breeze;
My spirit rests—my cares, my sorrows fade.
Then a religious fear
Troubles my bosom—and I hear a sound:
'Humbly adore Him here,
In this mysterious solitude profound.'
Thou art upon the mighty waves
Of the deep sea; and Thou dost bind
The bursting fury of the wind—
Or let it loose, when the wild tempest raves.
Where'er I go, where'er I turn,
I see Thee, feel Thee!—in the flowery mead,
As in the starry field above our head,
Where such unnumber'd torches burn.

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Thou art the God of atoms—as of suns!
Of the poor, perishing worm
That in the dust the eye of mortals shuns;
Or angels pure, who veil their dazzled form
Before Thee!—Thou dost hear the hymn
Of this Thy lowly worshiper:—of the poor
And innocent lamb the bleatings—as the roar
Of the fierce lion,—or of seraphim
The anthem; and to all beneficent
Thou bendest down Thine ear, and givest
Their destined portion. Thou, who reignest, livest
Eternally, the offering I present
Accept in mercy,—mercifully view
This transitory being,—let me stand
As ever in Thy presence—see Thy hand
In all things,—and in all Thy wisdom too.
Fill up my mounting soul
With holy ardour,—that where'er I tread,
Like Thee I may a blessed influence shed,
And own Thee, trace Thee thro' the extended whole
Of the wide universe. The race of man
Are all Thy sons—the Tartar, Laplander,
Rude Indian, and the sun-burnt African—
Thine image all—and all my brethren are.

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FRIDAY MORNING.

This is the day, when prejudice and guilt
The blood of innocence and virtue spilt!
'Twas in those orient Syrian lands afar,
O'er whose high mountains towers the morning star:
Lands now to tyranny and treachery given,
But then the special care and charge of heaven:
Lands, now by ignorance and darkness trod,
Then shining brightest in the light of God!
Holiest and best of men! 'twas there thou walkedst,
There with thy faithful, privileged followers talkedst;
Privileged indeed, listening to truth divine
Breath'd from a heart, and taught by lips, like thine!
He that from all life's strange vicissitude
Drew forth the living, hidden soul of good;
And in the strength of wisdom, and the might
Of peaceful virtue fought, and won the fight:
His armour righteousness—his conquering sword
A spiritual weapon—his prophetic word,

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The arms of truth,—his banners from above—
His conquests meekness, and his warfare love.
He stands a pillar 'midst his children; grace
And majesty and truth illume his face;
He bows his head, and dies! The very rock
Is rent, and Zion trembles at the shock!
But, tho' he dies, he triumphs—and in vain
Would unbelief oppose his conquering reign;
A reign o'erspreading nature—gathering in
Kindreds and nations from the tents of sin
To virtue's temple. O how calm, how great,
A death like this!—Come, then, and venerate
Your Saviour and your King. All hail! All hail!
The songs of gratitude shall fill the vale,
And echo from the mountains, and shall rise
In one consenting tribute to the skies.
Sow then thy seed—that seed will spring, and give
Rich fruits and fairest flowers, that will survive
All chance, all change: and tho' the night may come,
And tho' the deeper darkness of the tomb,
A sun more bright than ours shall bid them grow,
And on the very grave hope's buds will blow.

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And blow like those sweet flowers that, pluck'd, ne'er lose
Their freshness, nor their fragrance, nor their hues.
Now the day calls us with its eloquent ray;
O let us toil unwearied while 'tis day,
For the night cometh, all enveloping—
But virtue, that on spiritual soaring wing
Flies to its rest! 'Tis but a pilgrim here,
Shaping its course towards a better sphere,
Where its own mansion is; yet, in its flight,
Dropping from its pinions healing and delight;
And from the darkest shades, like some fair star
Of midnight, scattering beams of light afar.

FRIDAY EVENING.

FATHER! Source of light and love!
Thou, whose throne of majesty,
Fix'd yon thousand suns above,
Gladdens all the earth with joy:
Mercy-streaming, promise-beaming,
Let Thy praise my soul employ.

What is man, that he should share
Goodness bright and blest as Thine?

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What is man, that heavenly care,
Heavenly kindness, power divine,
Ever guiding, joy-betiding,
Should be his, and should be mine?

From this narrow vale of clay
Let me waft my thoughts to Thee;
Soar from night to heavenly day,
And in Thy benignity
Seek my pleasures—hoard my treasures:
Earth can be no home to me.

On Thy holy name I call;
On Thy sacred footstool stand;
All sprung forth from good—and all
Tends to good beneath Thy hand:
Streams the purest, joys the surest,
Flow and smile at Thy command.

When the earth is clad in gloom,
And the dark clouds coldly frown,
Nature—like a wintry tomb
Wrapt in mists—its brightness gone,—
Lustre shedding, pleasure spreading,
Then Thy sun shines out alone.

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Grey mists gather o'er the waves,
Dry leaves rustle in the rain,
Visions haunt the hilly graves,
And death's hour-glass turns again:
Solemn warning—night and morning,
To the careless crowds of men.

Know ye how, ye idle ones!
Sporting by the torrents' side,
Know ye how existence runs
To the eternal ocean's tide;
Bliss alloying, hope destroying,
Scattering joy in ruins wide?

Careless wanderer! ne'er forget
All the dangers threatening o'er;—
Do hope's dreams delude thee yet?
Soon they shall delude no more:
Hope is faithless, tired and breathless;
Oft 'tis wreck'd on sorrow's shore.

Hope, that builds its airy schemes
On time's transitory star,
Revels in delusive dreams,
Which an ignis fatuus are:

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Ever smiling, and beguiling,
Still misleading pilgrims far.

But the hope, the faith, whose tower
Stands upon heaven's arches high,
Well-supported by the power
Of eternal prophecy,
Firm-erected, heaven-protected,
Never can in ruins lie.

SATURDAY MORNING.

The sun comes forward in his purple robe
From the dark chambers of the tranquil night;
The smiles of morning gild the gladden'd globe,
And all the world is bath'd in liquid light.
Now love and pleasure sing their choral song;
And, springing to a renovated birth,
A thousand spirits of joy and music throng
The wide, magnificent expanse of earth.
As fresh, as if the intelligent Former's hand
Had waked its earliest smile of bliss to-day;
Bright as if even now the enamell'd land
First sprung to being 'neath his living ray;

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So rises nature from her nightly sleep
Joyous,—till evening's dark'ning shades descend,
And then she sinks again in silence deep:—
Emblem of man! whose hurried footsteps tend
With daily impulse tow'rds the welcoming tomb.
Father! to Thee my eager spirit turns,
While joy and gratitude my path illume,
And with rekindled praise my bosom burns.
My eye looks far beyond the stars: I breathe
The breath of heaven: angels of peace, of light,
Wave their wings o'er me—and the vale of death
Is with Thy radiance beautiful and bright.
Yes! Father! all that's lovely is from Thee;
All that is pure and excellent is Thine.
Praise Him, thou morning sun of majesty!
Thou moon of midnight, in His glory shine!
Him worship, thou fair stream of life;—adore
His name, thou sad machinery of decay!
Sing His high praise, ye planets shining o'er:
Ye worms of dust! come, join the general lay.
My soul shall speak Thy glory—hymn more sweet
Never inspired the lyre;—and never seer
Nor prophet sought a theme more pure, more meet,
And never pilgrim, saint, nor worshiper,

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Found a sublimer thought to dwell upon:
Thy glory!—'tis a thought absorbing all—
E'en like the splendid, ever-radiant sun,
Scattering the mists that with the morning fall.
And thus let week on week roll swiftly by,
Each in its hurrying career must bring
Our spirits nearer to eternity:
And every moment in its course shall fling
Some mortal vestments down—until at last,
Hope smiling sweetly thro' the future hours,
And joyous memory gilding all the past,
The mind shall reach those amaranthine bowers
Which dawn upon the dreaming poet's eye:
And, resting there on immortality,
Drink in the stream of never-dying joy.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The cold wind strips the yellow leaf,
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us;
All nature wears her garb of grief:
While day's fair book is closed before us.

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The songs have ceased,—and busy men
Are to their beds of silence creeping;
The pale, cold moon looks out again
On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O! in an hour so still as this,
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
To meek devotion's holy feeling:

And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose hand
Unroll'd the golden map of heaven;
Mantled with beauty all the land;
Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes;
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light—
Their beauty to the blushing roses:

Thou, Ruler of our destiny!
With million gifts hast Thou supplied us,
Hidden from our view futurity,
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

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Tho' dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene
Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking,
Celestial music breathes between,
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade
Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness;
And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him
Who looks beyond in visions holy,
Than passion's fires, or splendour's dream,
Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot;

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Smiles from a conscience purified,
Far lovelier than the fleeting glory
Conferr'd in all a monarch's pride,
Embalm'd in all the light of story.

This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll—
And let them roll—our bark is driven
Safe to its harbour—and our soul
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

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FOURTH WEEK.

WINTER.

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SUNDAY MORNING.

God of the morning! Thou, the sabbath's God!
Round whose bright footsteps thousand planets roll;
A million beings at Thy mighty nod
Are born;—and perish as they reach their goal.
How great art Thou!—an unimagined deep
Of wisdom and of power!—Thy laws how sure—
Thy way how full of mystery!—Thou dost keep
Thy court among the heavens, sublime and pure
And unapproachable; the tired eye breaks
Ere it can reach Thee.—Who can fathom Thee?
Who read Thy counsels? Thought exhausted seeks
Thy path in vain. 'Tis o'er the mighty sea,
On the tall mountain, in the rushing wind,
And the mad tempest.—In a cloudy car,
Wrapt in thick darkness, rides th' Eternal Mind,
O'er land and ocean, and from star to star.
Hast thou not seen Him in His proud career,
Or heard His awful voice? O look around,
For He is always visible, always near.
Listen to His eloquent words, in every sound

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Of zephyr, waterfall, or birds, or bees,
Or thousand songs, these sweet and those sublime:
All nature's intellectual harmonies,
And the soft music of the stream of time.
See Him in the vernal beauty of the flower,
In the ripe glory of the autumnal glow;
In summer's rich and radiant festal hour,
In winter's purest, fairest robes of snow:
There art Thou!—not in temples built by the hand
Of vanity—by the unproductive toil
Of the hot brow, or by the fierce command
Of tyrants, or with shame-collected spoil.
Thy temple is the universe! Thy throne
Raised on the stars: Thy light is every where:
And ceaseless music hymns th' Eternal One
All-eloquent—nor can the listening ear
Mistake that homage, which all time, all space,
Pours forth to Thee; none but the dead, the dull.
Who sees not Thy bright smile in nature's face?
Who Thy high spirit, pure and beautiful,
Marks not throughout existence? All we have
And all we hope for is Thy gift: and man
Without Thee is a faint and fetter'd slave,
Driven by the winds of passion, without plan
Or purpose, or pursuit becoming:—Thou
Art great, and great are all Thy works, and great

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Shall be Thy praise. Before Thy throne we bow;
To Thee our prayers, our vows we consecrate.
O Thou eternal Being! clad in light,
I in the dust before Thy presence fall,
And ask for wisdom in Thy hallow'd sight,
To lead my steps to Thee. How calmly all
Sleeps in the stillness of the sabbath morn,
As if to sanctify the sacred day!
The spirit of peace, on the mild zephyrs borne,
Glides gently on the tranquil morning's ray;
And in a solemn pause all nature seems
To feel the present Deity: He speaks
In the twilight melodies—smiles in the fair beams
Which from His locks the star of morning shakes.
Heaven is His canopy, His footstool earth,
A thousand worlds His throne: O Lord, to Thee,
Holiest and mightiest source of light—of worth—
Be praise and glory thro' eternity!

SUNDAY EVENING.

Sweetly is the Sabbath fled,
Day of peace and rest to me;
"Let Thy name be hallowed."
Now my spirit soars to Thee,

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Darkness deep, or distance wide
Cannot man from God divide.

O'er heaven's thousand burning lamps
Towers thy glorious palace high;
Thro' the evening's twilight damps,
O'er the morning's 'splendent sky:
From the orient to the west,
Thou art present, Mightiest!

Wisdom sees Thee shining brightly
In the starry worlds above;
Virtue hears Thee speaking nightly
From those orbs of light and love:
Smiling youth and hoary age
Praise Thee in their pilgrimage.

Wheresoe'er Thy name is known—
Every where—an altar stands
Raised to Thee, the Eternal One,
By devotion's holy hands:
Thou art an undying flame,
Shining thro' all time the same.

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Piety, Thy favourite child,
Gently leads our hearts to Thee;
Virtue, like an angel mild,
Heralded by Piety,
Guides us with her torches bright,
Thro' time's solitary night.

Hallow'd be Thy holy name,
Lord of spirits and of men;
Ne'er may virtue's sacred flame
Die within our souls again;
But conduct Thy pilgrims on
To Thy high and heavenly throne.

Be our journey short or long,
Yet we know not;—but we know,
Days and weeks and ages throng
Time's unintermitting flow;
And to-morrow, or to-day
Shall our bark be swept away.

Roll, thou ever-flowing tide;
We, upon the billows driven,
O'er the mighty stream shall ride
To the peaceful port of heaven:

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There no shipwrecks strew the shore,
There nor waves nor tempests roar.

Trim we then our little sail;
Calmly let us onward steer:
Blow, thou heaven-directing gale!
Ocean waft the mariner!
See thy haven, see thy home;
Come thou weary traveller, come!

MONDAY MORNING.

And so the active week again
Its course begins—and so renew'd
Our moments' busy multitude,
Falling like rapid drops of rain,
Sink in the grave;—and so we die:
The woods will have lost their harmony,
Life's sun sink down in the gloomy west—
The beauty that gladden'd the eye is faded,
The spirit of joy is hush'd to rest,
The smiles which delighted the soul are shaded:
The stars of heaven are clouded,
And the glorious brightness of day;

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And he who on rapture's bosom lay,
In the funeral bier is shrouded.
Peace smiled from her sanctuary,
She smiled—but smiles no more;
For the grave has closed its prison-door
On the pilgrim weak and weary.
In frowns and storms the morning calls;
And man, who was yesterday glad and gay
As the evening ephemera,
Like the ephemera falls.
Long and sweet is the tired one's sleep;
But calmer his sleep and softer his bed
Whose pillow is made of the grave-clod deep,
With the green grass over his head.
Curtain'd is he by the vapour's damp,
Lull'd by the song of the even;
Lighted is he by the pale moon's lamp,
Watch'd by the eye of heaven.
Others may hear the heavy bell toll,
Others the funeral train may see:
He hears no dirge for his slumbering soul,
He is sleeping tranquilly.
There let him rest,—he toiled awhile,
And now he throws off his burden of toil.
There is a world whose cares, like this,
Can never disturb the calm of bliss,

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Where He, who is the great light of all,
In His own peculiar glory shineth;
Who turn'd in His hand this worldly ball,
And its hopes and its memories sweetly entwineth.
He raised heaven's azure arch sublime
On pillars of strength that totter never;
Man is the victim of death, of time,
Thou remainest the same for ever.
These shall perish, while Thou endurest,
These as a vestment shalt Thou change;
Thou remainest strongest, surest,
Thro' eternity's endless range.
Thou Thyself art Eternity—
'Tis but another name for Thee!
Suns may be darken'd, and planets shake,
Earthquakes may stony mountains break,
Comets may swallow up the sea:
But Thou, unmoved as the splendid sun,
This sandy desert shining on,
Lookest on creation and decay,
And still pursuest Thy glorious way,
Wrapt in Thine own immensity.

What should we fear? waking or sleeping,
Man is alike in Thy holy keeping.
Let him not shrink, tho' his bark be driven

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By the mad storm—let nought alarm him;
The tempest may burst, but cannot harm him:
Safely he steers to his port in heaven.
God is around us, o'er us, near us,
What have His children then to fear?
Is he not always present to hear us,
Willing to grant, as willing to hear?

MONDAY EVENING.

The night has thrown its shadows o'er the land,
And rest revisits nature.—Evening's train,
With day's extinguish'd torches in their hand
Have pass'd the twilight's western gates again.
On the damp hills the stars are glittering,
The mists are hanging round the forests deep,
While from their silver thrones the cold frosts fling
Their fetters o'er the vanquish'd earth,—and keep
The streams in icy bondage. Happy he
Who to his bed of slumber can retire,
To rest in sweet and sound tranquillity;
While untormented by a vain desire,

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Or a reproaching spirit, he may dwell
Securely and serenely.—To the good
The conscience is a fearless citadel,
Where nought of doubt or danger can intrude.
The darkness mantles him,—and till the hour
When sleep upon his eyelids sinks, he takes
Sweet counsel with that ever-present Power,
Who out of night His robes of brightness makes;
And from beyond this narrow-bounded vale,
Water'd by tears—by vapours curtain'd round,—
And canopied in clouds—his thoughts can hail
That awful Majesty whose light is found
Descending and pervading the pure heart
That seeks His presence, while its cheering glow
A lustre and a smile of light impart
To all the shades of solitude and woe.

Though the earth tremble at thy coming, Lord!
Thy children may approach Thee—may adore:
There is salvation, Father! in Thy word,
And Thy diffusive Spirit shining o'er
Earth's valley, makes earth cheerful. In its rays
We move rejoicing onwards—bent beneath
The burthen of our nothingness, we praise
And magnify Thy name. In life, in death,
Alike we see Thy glory. From Thy throne
Rivers of strength and life roll forth, that lave

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All the created world.—On Thee alone
The world and all its tribes depend. The grave
Has for Thy love a tongue.—E'en as the night
Its starry garlands and its hymns—I hear,
I hear the voices of the sons of light,
Blending and circling round from sphere to sphere.
Each star a chord of music—a wave's flow
In the majestic sea of song that rolls
In ceaseless tides of harmony, which know
No rest—no discord. There departed souls
Join the eternal chorus. Thence they speak
To us poor pilgrims wandering still on earth—
They bid us soar above earth's vale—and seek
The country where our holier parts had birth,
And whither they are tending. Father! thither
My eager heart aspires—and when this scene
Fades round me—and its passing flowerets wither—
There let me rest rewarded and serene.

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TUESDAY MORNING.

ALMIGHTY One! I bend in dust before Thee,
Even so veil'd cherubs bend;—
In calm and still devotion I adore Thee,
All-wise, all-present Friend!
Thou to the earth its emerald robes hast given,
Or curtained it in snow;
And the bright sun, and the soft moon in heaven,
Before Thy presence bow.

Thou in Thy wisdom spread'st the map of nature,
That map so fair and bright:
Rear'd'st the arch of heaven—on every creature
Pouring its streams of light.
Thou feed'st with dew the early spring-rose glowing,
Quickenest the teeming sea;
Thine is the storm thro' the dark forest blowing,
Thine, heaven's soft harmony.

Thine is the beam on ocean's bosom glancing,
Thine is the thunder-cloud,
Thine are the lamps that light our steps, advancing
To the tomb's solitude.

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Thou speakest—and all nature's pregnant bosom
Heaves with Thy mighty breath;
Thou frownest—man, even like a frost-nipp'd blossom,
Drops in the lap of death.

A thousand worlds which roll around us brightly,
Thee in their orbits bless;
Ten thousand suns which shine above us nightly,
Proclaim Thy righteousness.
Thou didst create the world—'twas Thy proud mandate,
That woke it unto day;
And the same power that measur'd, weigh'd, and spann'd it,
Shall bid that world decay.

Thou Power sublime! whose throne is firmly seated
On stars and glowing suns;
O could I praise Thee—could my soul elated
Waft Thee seraphic tones,
Had I the lyres of angels—could I bring Thee
An offering worthy Thee,
In what bright notes of glory would I sing Thee
Blest notes of ecstacy!

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Here is my song, a voice of mortal weakness
Just breathing from my breast;
A mingled song, of worthlessness and meekness
And feeble hope, at best.
In heaven that voice, up to Thy throne ascending,
Should speak as angels speak,
And joy and confidence and glory blending,
Thy seat of light should seek.

Eternity! Eternity!—how solemn,
How terrible the sound!
Here, leaning on Thy promises—a column
Of strength—may I be found.
O let my heart be ever Thine, while beating,
As when 'twill cease to beat;
Be Thou my portion—till that awful meeting,
When I my God shall greet.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The earth again puts on its evening dress;
And wakening yon innumerable stars,
A twilight, milder than the eye of day
And fairer than the calm of night, is spread

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O'er universal nature; from above
Shadows descend, solicitous to veil
The sins of the reposing world;—to soothe
Hearts beating with anxiety,—to lull
The tumults of ambition,—quell the thirst
Of greedy avarice,—and to cheat the care
Of wantonness, that crowns its head with thorns.
The perjured tongue, the rapine-scheming head,
The murderous hand, the vile and counterfeit heart,
The eye that sheds false tears—thou, darksome night!
Veil in thy charity—be the o'erarching tomb,
Tho' for a moment, to the mass of sin
Which morn, alas! shall wake again,—and day
Let loose like bandits on the unsheltered world.
And O! if in the visions of the night
A ministering angel might descend,—a voice
Be heard in the still silence, to recall
Those wanderers to the fold of blessedness!
For ah! thy shade, tho' dark and deep it be,
Will hide them not from Him, to whom the gloom
Is bright as noon-tide. Let the solemn thought
Come o'er my soul, that even as now in sleep,
So shall we lay us down in death, ere long,
And for a gloomier season. Kings and slaves
Shall then repose upon the self-same bed,

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That bed the cold clods of the valley. There,
There must all sleep, seed in the bosom of earth,
To shoot as weeds or flowers, when the fair spring
Of immortality shall dawn; and then
Be gather'd with the general harvest in,
And garner'd in the stores of heaven,—or swept
With the vile chaff away. Eternal God!
Thou who art wrapt in robes of majesty
And dazzling light—the Lord, the Judge of all!
To Thee we would commend us—Hear our prayers,
Do all Thy will on earth as done in heaven,
And be Thy law, our law,—Thy will, our will!
Thou will'st Thy children's happiness;—Thy hand,
Thy guardian hand, has given us that pure joy
Which angels share—that silent source of bliss,
That sweet anticipation of Thyself,
Flowing from a pure heart:—Thy will be done.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING.

ALL-SEEING GOD! before whose throne sublime
Lies open the thick-crowded book of time,
Whose eye, when glancing o'er the varied page,
Reads the departed, or the coming age;
Thou, whose resistless energies control
The aberrations of my wandering soul,
Whom, in the midst of darkness and distress,
I see, and feel, confide in, and confess:
Lord! if one thought devout, one prayer divine,
Break from my breast, accept it—for 'tis Thine!
GOD! in Thy presence, glory's glittering gleam
And pomp's parade are desolate and dim.
What is ambition's gay and garish ray?
Less than the glow-worm in the eye of day.
Before Thee folly drops its darling dress,
And stands unveil'd in its own nakedness.
Proud as he is—and, towering, tho' he can
Erect himself—man is at best but man:
Tho' high his destiny, and deck'd in state,
Great in possession, and in purpose great;
Tho' honour gild his bright escutcheon o'er,
And heralds oft have told its fame before,

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What boots it? Time, whose devastating sway
Sweeps crowns and coronets, sceptres, swords, away;
Time will not spare him,—wherefore should it spare?
Look at yon grave-stone—he shall slumber there,
Privileged, if when he rests in peace below,
One flower obscure should o'er his ashes grow.
Is he lamented? If a tear should wet
One faithful eye, to-morrow 'twill forget
Its object;—yet another day, that eye
Shall in eternal night be dark and dry.
Gloomy are evening's shadows when they fall
And wrap the face of nature with their pall:
But these are brightness to sin's moral night;—
Dark is the grave; but e'en the grave is light
To crime's domain of terror. Tempests sweep
The swelling billows of the threatening deep;
The storm may burst, the madden'd billows roll,
No ocean rages like a tortured soul.
O holy Virtue—pure and fair thou art!
Thy robes are light; thy unpolluted heart
Is spotless as the falling snow; thy face
Beams with supernal youth, and joy and grace.
E'en like a summer's night our life rolls by,
And time still calls us to eternity:

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Soon life's last sand shall drop—another scene
Shall in its awful dawning then begin.
Say, art thou ready? Has the grave's dark room
For thee no terrors?—Lo! its darkest gloom
A light from heaven illumines—and a voice
Speaks from the clouds: "Awake! come forth, rejoice!"
All-seeing God! in lowliness I bow
My proud heart in the dust before Thee now.
Thou giv'st to each his portion; and to each
His forward way to heaven and Thee dost teach:
My lot is in Thy hand—the night, the day,
The moon's pale glimmering, as the sunny ray,
Are Thine—and Thine the midnight of the grave:—
O be Thou there to strengthen and to save;
To light death's valley with Thy beam of love,
And smile a welcome to Thy throne above.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The hour of peace resumes again
Its tranquil, silent, solemn reign;
Sorrow a short cessation knows
On the soft couch of calm repose,

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And all is still—The Eternal One
Hath risen from His glorious throne,
And on the midnight's raven pinions
Surveys His infinite dominions.
  And who but Thou the world could keep,
When buried thus in evening's sleep?
Who bid that sleeping world awake,
When o'er the hills the day-beams break?
Who call those day-beams from their bed,
When nature is by darkness led?
Thou, Lord, alone! Thy mighty hand
Doth all create, and all command,
In every thing that hand we see,
And more than every thing in Thee.
  But who can count the countless throng
That wakes to hear the morning's song;
Or tell the infinite train that rest,
O'erwatch'd by Thee, on evening's breast:
All from Thy presence joy receiving,
All on Thy generous bounty living?
And we, the lowliest and the least,
With heaven's peculiar favour blest!
  Did earth upon *our* care depend,
Decay would soon with misery blend;
Were we the counsellors of heaven,
All, all would be to ruin driven:

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We, helpless as the ephemeral fly,
And sightless as the adder's eye.
But Thou, in wisdom's chains hast bound
The mighty universe around;
And mountain's height, and vale's recess,
Speak Thy unwearied watchfulness;
And every sun that splendour gives,
And every orb that light receives,
And solemn night, and joyous day,
And mountain stream and forest lay,
And waves and waterfalls and showers,
And trees and shrubs and fruits and flowers,
And all that nature's face reveals,
And all that nature's womb conceals,
Space, earth, heaven, time, eternity,
Are all upheld, great GOD! by Thee.
Ours is a hurried pilgrimage,
Youth beckons to the steps of age,
And youth and age too swiftly meet,
The angel of the tomb to greet;
And soon the rays of life are gone,
And soon the time-enduring sun,
Which shines so brightly o'er our head,
Shall shine upon our funeral bed.
Enough—if while we journey here,
Some visions from that holier sphere,

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Where the great Spirit sits, array'd
In splendour, light this vale of shade.
Enough—if in this vale of tears,
Some heavenly strains should reach our ears,
Remotely echoed from the hymn
Of cherubim and seraphim.
Enough—if in these earthly bowers
Some leaves of those immortal flowers
Which bloom in living fragrance sweet,
Should grow spontaneous at our feet.
Yes! such Thy servants, Lord! have known,
Such effluence from Thy burning throne:
And such be mine—and when at last
Life's summer evening shall be past,
The shades of night shall curtain me,
And I shall slumber, watch'd by Thee!

THURSDAY MORNING.

Thou best of Beings!—now the night is fled,
And day awakes in all its bliss again;
Man, rising from his heaven-protected bed,
Is launch'd on duty's ever-flowing main.

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Thou art the Lord! alike the day, the night,
Thy love proclaim—for each Thy love pervades:
Thou smilest in the Aurora's purple light,
And wrapp'st Thyself in evening's solemn shades.
GOD! Thou art Love! repeats the youthful spring,
GOD! Thou art Love! the summer days proclaim;
GOD! Thou art Love! the autumnal valleys sing,
And hoary winter echoes back the name.
Thou rock'st the cradle of sweet infancy,
Lead'st active youth thro' its fair path of flowers,
And manhood owes its golden fruit to Thee;
To Thee old age its calm and lovely hours.
Thou deck'st all nature with its swan-like robe,
Coverest the snow with million diamonds' gleam,
Bid'st icy pyramids tower above the globe,
And build'st Thy crystal bridges o'er the stream.
How infinite Thy works!—the great, the small,
Rich with Thy bounty, teeming with Thy love,
All fraught with pure intelligence, and all
Tending to perfect bliss,—where Thou above
Shalt justify Thy purpose. We below,
The moral subjects of vicissitude,
Would to Thy holy dispensations bow,
Secure that all must end in boundless good.
How mild, how wise, how beautiful Thy reign!
Thy sun—an image of Thyself—O Lord!

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Shines e'en upon the unthankful; and Thy rain
Is on the unrighteous, as the holy, pour'd.
Existence hangs upon Thy fostering cares,
And even the worst partake those cares divine;
Ingratitude itself Thy favour shares:—
Ingratitude!—'midst favours such as Thine!
Ingratitude to Him, whose bounty gave
Life, and the joys of life; who leads us on
With gentle guidance even to the grave!
But who, alas! is not ungrateful? None.
His love protects us, leads us, lights us, cheers;
Gives to our morning, brightness, beauty, bliss:
Conducts us gently to the eve of years,
Crowns us with hope, and peace, and happiness.
My God! my Father!—on Thee will I rest—
Rest with unbounded confidence on Thee;
No slavish fears shall now enthrall my breast,
I stand erect in holiest liberty.
Thou dwell'st in light unsearchable—and here
Thy children in a night of darkness roam;
But earth shall not detain the wanderer:
Heaven is his destiny, and heaven his home.
There peace and love, in holiest union bound,
Shall gild with everlasting smiles the scene,
And God's pure presence scattering light around,
Fill every heart with joy and bliss serene.

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THURSDAY EVENING.

The day is done;—the night comes calmly forth,
Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even:
The golden wain rolls round the silent north,
And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of heaven.
Like yon celestial torches, let me press
Forward—and heavenward—on my destined way:
Clad, like the stars, in robes of holiness,
Bright, like the stars, with joy's enrapturing ray.
Calm evening! whose mild presence can restore
The peace ne'er found amidst the world's rude cares,
Can bid the weeping eyelids weep no more,
And chase all misery—all, except despair's!
When round the world we look, how many a grief
Invites the soul to sober thought, and checks
The gush of daring pride;—pangs that relief
Approaches not,—and melancholy wrecks
Of once fair-flattering happiness, now scatter'd
On life's tempeatuous shores! What prospects blighted!
What piles of fond anticipation shatter'd,
And gaudy dreams in which the soul delighted!

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These all may serve to loosen the dull fetter
Which binds us to this world—and bid us look
Beyond it to a brighter and a better;
And read the page of that imposing book,
Where are the records of all ages past
And present, and all ages yet to come:
Existence' infant moments, and its last,
From the earth's first awaking, to its tomb.
Life's scenes are rich in eloquence, and truth,
And wisdom;—and their flow'rets sweetly grow
In the dark valley of affliction's ruth,
As in joy's gay and summer-sun shine glow.
Be it our lot to pluck them, and to twine
Their separate beauties in one moral wreath,
To decorate life's ever-crumbling shrine;
To hang upon the canopy of death.
The steady stream of virtue flows serenely,
Till in eternity's vast ocean lost;
Tho' the rude winds of chilling time blow keenly,
And bind its surface in the fettering frost;
Still it flows calmly on—and still shall flow,
And fertilize the earth:—And can it ever
Sleep in its energetic progress? No!
Its course shall never be impeded—never!
Day after day, the light of heaven appears;
Night after night, dark curtains wrap the skies;

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And man sinks downward in the vale of years,
Buds, blossoms, bears his fruit, decays and dies:
He fills the spot his fathers fill'd of old;
Their ashes now mix with the cheerless clay—
And he soon, slumb'ring on earth's bosom cold,
Shall lie as low, and sleep as sound as they.
And other generations rise and fall,
Till the all-embracing plan shall be complete,
Christ own'd the Saviour and the Judge of all,
The power of evil vanquish'd at his feet,
And death extinct for ever!—O to share
His triumphs,—and from his benignant voice
The approving 'Welcome to thy home!' to hear—
Were all of earthly hopes and all of heavenly joys.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Like a priestess from her temple's shade,
In her holiest robes of light array'd,
The Morn walks forth;—Day's glorious star
Towers o'er the misty mountains far,
The heavens are bright with celestial blue,
The earth is sprinkled o'er with dew,
And all is bright and gay and fair:
The spirit of joy and love is there—

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Fit temple for that Glorious One,
Who form'd the earth and woke the sun.
If any soul of harmony
Is waken'd in humanity,
Thine is the music, Father! Thine
The morning minstrels' songs divine.
Thou first didst string devotion's lyre;
Thine is the daylight's holy fire,
Thine is the evening's twilight ray,
And Thine the veil that shades the day.
Above yon arch-sublime of heaven,
Is Thy eternal chariot driven;
Above the visible stars Thou reignest,
Yet sometimes in Thy mercy deignest
To bless the world with beams of light,
Reflected from Thy presence bright.
Bow Thee down to this lowliest sphere,
Thou, whose wisdom never can err;
Thou, whose power no limit boundeth;
Thou, whose love all space surroundeth!
If Thou wilt speak, there are thunders near Thee;
Millions of ministering spirits hear Thee,
Ever on the wing to obey:—
Eternal splendour lights Thy way,
Thy footsteps imprint the morning hills,
Thy voice is heard in the music of rills,

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In the song of birds, and the heavenly chorus
That nature utters, around us, o'er us.
Dead is the sense, and dull the ear,
That cannot perceive Thee every where:
Every where—and in every thing;
The motion in the insect's wing,
As the unmeasured comet's march,
Rolling sublime in yon boundless arch;
Beautiful in a drop of dew
As in the rainbow's glorious hue;
In the light zephyrs audible
As in the storm-wave's loudest swell;
In every thing Thy glory beameth—
From every thing Thy witness streameth:
Silence itself has a voice for Thee;
In the thick darkness Thy light we see;
Even the cold grave, dreary and damp,
Is illumed by Thy eternal lamp.
Calmly on! the grave's dormitory
Has its sweet visions of hope and glory;
Heaven shall cheer its stillness deep,
Heaven shall watch its holy sleep;
O'er it a brighter sun shall rise
Than ever lighted the visible skies.

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FRIDAY EVENING.

TRUE! Spring renews the faded year;
And renovated fruits and flowers
In re-awaken'd charms appear:—
They deck the plain—they crown the bowers—
Their blush was past—their odour fled—
They only slept—they were not *dead*.

They were not *dead*—for tho' the breath
Of winter o'er their beauties swept,
They were not visited by death;
They only bow'd their heads and slept.
For let them die—their charms again
Shall decorate nor bower nor plain.

True! visions haunt the general breast
Of man—of worlds beyond the skies:
But that may be a dream at best,
Like other dreams and vanities;
For man is but a breath, betray'd
By every sense, by every shade.

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Around him, o'er him, he creates
A thousand fancies to delude,
Which time, truth-trier, dissipates,
Bright though they be, and fair and good:
They are but dreams at last—that leave
Our disappointed hopes to grieve.

True! power and pride and insolent thought,
Our trust in heaven severely try;
The wicked rule the world—and nought
Is left to virtue but—to die:
And sure, if God is strong and just,
It shall not perish in the dust.

Vain hope! In virtue's path who treads,
Treads surely:—all we feel and see
Is a triumphant march that leads
Truth, knowledge to its victory:
'Tis sorrow's sternest discipline
That makes our mortal man divine.

There is no pain but is the seed
Of pleasure:—wretchedness and woe
Are steps to virtue. Oft the weed
Shelters the tender flowers that grow

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Beneath its shield. Each day—each hour—
Give power to truth—to virtue power.

Such are the thoughts and such the fears
Of pilgrims, in that gloomy way
Where heaven no glorious pillar rears
Of fire by night—of clouds by day;
Such as the sons of Israel led,
When wandering thro' the desert dread.

Yet happier—O how happier!—he,
Who from the waste of grief and care
Retreats to immortality,
And builds his tabernacle there,—
And smiles, as from a splendid star,
On dews and mists beneath him far!

Yes! happier who from earthly woe
Turns his fix'd vision to the skies,
And knows and feels that Jesus rose,
And is assured that *he* shall rise;
With faith as stedfast and sublime
As ever vanquish'd doubt or time.

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All else is vain—the days to come
Are shrouded in obscurity:
But Jesus burst his mortal tomb—
And I shall not death's prisoner be.
There's bliss enough in this to cheer
All the dim woes that vex us here.

Yes! Jesus rose—and while the wreck
Of nature leaves that thought to bless;
The sigh of bursting grief I'll check,
And still the tumult of distress:—
For Jesus rose—and I shall rise,
Tho' this poor crumbling body dies.

SATURDAY MORNING.

ANOTHER portion of life rolls on,
The week glides calmly by;
And down the swift stream of time we run,
To the sea of eternity.
Who knows how soon the hour will come
When the sun shall put out his light,
And the Master shall call his labourers home,
To sleep in the valleys of night?

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And then shall He take a strict account
Of duties neglected and done,
And millions shall read their vast amount
Recorded one by one.
And every bosom shall be unveil'd,
And every secret known;
And none another's sins shall shield,
And none shall hide his own!

We live in this narrow world below,
The victims of self-deceit;
But in the bright world to which we go,
No artifice can cheat.
Folly can there no more assume
Wisdom's imposing dress;
Nor hypocrisy wear the towering plume
Of conscious righteousness.

O nothing will then avail us there
But deeds of mercy and love;
For each his burden of sin must bear,
At the high tribunal above.

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To have train'd our spirits to forgive,
As we hope to be forgiven,
And have lived on earth as they should live,
Whose hopes and home are heaven.

We are weak and vain, but God is strong;
We are blind, but His piercing eye,
To whose orbit all space and time belong,
Embraces infinity.
We wander—His spirit leads us back
To the heavenward path of peace,
And His glory lights the holy track
That ends in eternal bliss.

He smiles on all—and tho' drear and dark
Our journey may seem to be—
A joyous, a bright, tho' lonely spark,
Shines from eternity.
As beneath the curtains of silver snow
The flowers of the valley are hid,
So the flowers of hope and beauty grow
'Neath the grave's pyramid.

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Even in the shadiest, darkest night
The stars shine on unseen;
And the sun is clad in his robes of light,
Tho' mists intrude between.
And the grave, tho' dreary and dull and deep,
Is bright with a heaven-born ray,
And its long and seemingly listless sleep
Shall be crown'd with eternal day.

SATURDAY EVENING.

(Translation.)

Lord! to whose being ages are but moments,
Fugitive moments! Thou, eternal Father;
Listen in mercy—for life's passing shadows
Soon will be scatter'd.

'Tis Thy bright presence makes all nature pregnant,
Pregnant with beauty—'tis Thy sacred presence
Fills all creation.—I am but an atom—
Deign, Lord! to hear me.

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Glorious and mighty! Thy right hand of greatness
Upholds existence.—What is man before Thee?
Vanity, ashes—indigence and folly:
Smile, then, benignly!

Fountain of wisdom! Spirit of creation!
Life-source of blessing!—hear the humble praises
Of Thy poor pilgrim, whose short day of sadness
Soon will be over!

Thy searching spirit sees departed ages,
Ages in embryo—ages veil'd in darkness,
Present and future—all alike unravell'd:—
I am but blindness.

Highly exalted on Thy throne of glory,
Being unchanging! do Thou help my weakness
From th' o'erflowings of Thy strength: O Father!
Help Thou my weakness.

'Tis Thy proud arm that yon abyss divideth,
Blots out the planets, gives the stars their splendour,
Rules o'er infinity, uncontroll'd and mighty:—
I am as nothing.

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E'en the plumed songster, wandering thro' creation:
E'en the poor insect, living in the sunbeam;
E'en the scorn'd earth-worm, at our feet extended—
All share Thy mercy.

Deign, then, to hear me, Father! deign to bless me!
Nothing too lowly for Thy smiles benignant;
Nothing too trifling for Thy care, Thy kindness—
I, too, may share them.

Infinite Being—Living One! Eternal!
Wise and unchanging—Father, Holy Father!
Look from Thy Throne of brightness and of glory
On this Thy suppliant!

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HYMNS

AND OTHER

DEVOTIONAL PIECES.

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NIGHT.

(From the German of HERDER.)

Dost thou come again, calm, holy mother
Of bright stars and heavenly aspirations;
Dost thou visit us again? Awaiting
Thy mild presence, Earth, and all her flow'rets
Bending down their feeble heads, and thirsting
For a dewdrop, pant. My sinking spirit,
Overflowing with a thousand visions,
Waits the still and sacred visitation
Of thy gentle influence:—Come, inspire me
With the thoughts of happier worlds, and brighter;
And with peace my weary bosom quicken.
  Star-surrounded, gold-encircled goddess!
Thou, upon whose dark and ample mantle
Thousand worlds are shining,—thou who bearest,
Gently bearest all—their restless being—
Fiery courses—ever-busy orbits—
In the strength of everlasting quiet.
  What a song of triumph is repeated

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orlds, and space, and time. Its privileged
children,
er in the path of law and order,
ve and mighty destiny—hasten onward,
er hasten tow'rds the living Father.
tain, then, thou holy mother!
's full of heavenly writing;
an soar no higher:—
Rather grant me
pour upon me,
visions!

Thro' all worlds to thee, the living leader
Of the starry choirs!—a song of glory
Even to Him who stills the storm—whom language—
Whom the spirit's utterance—whom all voices
Praise,—and sink in silence at His presence.
Holy Silence!—o'er the world now brooding,—
Gentle stream, that to the eternal borders
Of unmeasured being rolls sublimely;
And thou, noble song of stars and planets,
Light of light—the peaceful speech of heaven!
Night environs and pervades my spirit—
Seas of vast infinity surround me—
Fill my soul—heaven of all heavens—an ocean
Calm and silent, full of glowing beauties,
As heaven's arch is full of fiery sparkles.
Mighty Night! I bow before thy altar!
Every spark of this all-filling ether
Is a frontlet round thy holy temple,
Bright with heavenly writing. Who can read it?
Flames of fire written by the Uncreated,
On the night's tall brow. It says: Jehovah
He is One—His name is Everlasting—
And His child is night:—His higher title
Mystery;—whose dark and shadowy mantle
None may dare uplift!—it hath created

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Worlds, and space, and time. Its privileged
children,
Ever in the path of law and order,
Love and mighty destiny—hasten onward,
Ever hasten tow'rds the living Father.
Drop the curtain, then, thou holy mother!
Shut the book that's full of heavenly writing;
I can read no more—can soar no higher:—
Thought is all exhausted. Rather grant me
Thy sweet peace, and gently pour upon me,
Mother of soft sleep and nightly visions!
Pour upon me dewdrops of oblivion
And forgetfulness of earthly sorrow.
Feel I not, how thy kind slumber-fetters
Wrap me all around?—thy hand maternal
Shuts with tenderest care my falling eyelids?
Spirits of the night now glide before me—
Stately forms—tall and majestic shadows
From far worlds—A milden'd light surrounds me:
Light ne'er seen by my awaken'd vision.
What a moon! what stars of dazzling brightness!
Do I soar—swim—dream?—or am I sinking
Down from th' Uncreated's throne?—for angels,
Angels are around me—lost companions
Of my childhood—friends long since departed,
Guardian spirits—some unknown—they offer

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The warm hand of fellowship—all glowing—
And I join ther everlasting music.
  Slumber still, thou dull and drowsy burden
Of my earthly way; Night spreads her mantle,
Night—and all her lamps that burn so brightly,
Brightly burn in yonder hallowed circle.
Visitants of heaven sink—rise before me;
Dwellers of the stars—and heaven's bright portals,
In my nightly dreams, to me are open.
Every angel, every blessed spirit,
All heaven's concert—all are smiling on me!
Moons and suns—up to what sun ascending?
What's the centre of these endless circles,
All-creating—all-inspiring Spirit?
Veil'd from this my wandering star—but haply
Seen by yon far sun's more privileged dwellers.
  See! with what a sympathising spirit
All these stars are smiling!—Do ye see me,
Me the dust of dust—who dare to hail ye,
Hail ye as my friends—the loved companions
Of my sweetest, dearest, highest pleasures;
Gentlest witnesses of peace and virtue?
  Heaven's young offspring—joy-inspiring children
Of enkindled night—and thou, fair sister
Of my hope, my joy, and my devotion,
Long ye smiled, and long ye shone rejoicing,

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Clad in all your bright and festal garments,
Ere I was—and ere the earth had being!
And when I shall be not—when oblivion
Sweeps away that earth—and in the music
Of your hymns her voice shall speak no longer:
When her dull and distant tones shall perish,
And the sighs which from her poles are breaking,
In the song of light shall be extinguish'd—
Shall I then, fair spirits, dwell among ye?
Is there in your amaranthine foliage
Even for me a wreath of love and glory?
That my voice in your soft choir may mingle;
While I look upon this lowly dwelling,
To some son of earth a ray of brightness,
Or a hope-star to some child of sorrow?

MORNING THOUGHTS.

Come, let us leave the vain, the proud,
The ambitious, and the worldly-wise;
Pomp's revels, turbulent and loud,
And pleasure's tempting vanities:

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And let us mount the mantled hill,
Or wander in the waving wood;
Or trace the melancholy rill
Thro' its own haunts of solitude;

Or seek the little tufts of flowers,
Hid 'neath the turf from sultry beams:
Nor waste life's swift and smiling hours
In senseless joys or idle dreams.

Or let us tread the ocean shore;
And, while its surges rise and roll,
Their voice sublime, their blended roar,
Shall fall like music on the soul.

Or watch the busy clouds, that sail
Along the heavens like living things—
Soar on the spirit-rousing gale—
Or take the gentler zephyr's wings.

And then our hallow'd talk shall be
Of Him who rear'd the mountains high,
Pour'd out the waters of the sea,
Painted the flowers, and arch'd the sky.

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'Tis in the silence, in the shade,
That light from heaven illumes our road;
And man, e'en mortal man, is made,
If not a god—almost a god.

'Tis then he feels and hears and sees
Thoughts, hopes, and joys to angels given;
Those chains of towering sympathies
Which link the earthly soul to heaven.

Beyond or moon, or sun, or star,
The enfranchised spirit soars—the ray
Of morning is its glorious car,
And comets light it on its way.

It travels o'er the vast abyss
Of space and time, and joys to see
The pregnant future bright with bliss,
And love, and joy, and liberty.

Then bending down to earth again,
Full of glad hope,—'tis train'd to bear
The lighten'd weight of mortal pain:
The passing storm of earthly care.

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And every stream more gently flows,
And every flower more freshly smells,
And every breeze more gaily blows,
And every note more sweetly swells.

The light that shines within, is shed
O'er all above, around, below;
The stars are brighter o'er our head,
And brighter is the sunny glow.

E'en darkness has a cheering smile,
And twilight kindles into day;
And the heart rests untroubled—while
Visions of Eden round it play.

And, journeying onwards, peace and hope
And holy memory gild the gloom,
While man descends the gentle slope
Which brings him to the quiet tomb.

There shall he rest:—till, ages gone,—
When, summon'd to a higher sphere,
He shall enjoy that blissful sun
Whose distant rays consoled him here.

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EVENING THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

THE good man dies—it grieves us:
Why should the good man die?
He dies—but, dying, leaves us
A lasting legacy.
And this becomes our comforter;
And sweeter is the thought
Of him who is departed,
Than all that death has left:—
No longer, broken-hearted,
Deem that thou art bereft;
For, O! the good man's memory
Is sweeter far than aught.

No sorrows now disturb him,
No disappointment there;
No worldly pride to curb him
In his sublime career:
Heaven's azure arch is over him,
Earth's tranquil breast beneath.
The stars are brightly glowing,
The breezes play around,

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The flowers are sweetly blowing,
The dew is on the ground,
And emerald mosses cover him—
How beautiful is death!

His life—a summer's even,
Whose sun of light, tho' set
Amidst the clouds of heaven,
Leaves streams of brightness yet;
And thus he sinks victoriously
Into his ocean throne:
Then darkness gathers round him—
'Tis but a night:—again
He bursts the chains that bound him;
He rises from the main,
And marches heavenward gloriously
In splendours of his own.

Yon gems so sweetly sparkling
On heaven's cerulean deep,
What time the twilight darkling
Brings nature's hours of sleep,
Are perhaps the bright receptacles
Of disembodied souls:

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Of souls that, long desiring
Some more than mortal joy,
Burst in their proud aspiring,
And fix themselves on high;
And on this earth look tenderly,
That low beneath them rolls.

Yes! in those orbs of glory
Methinks I see the ray,
Which wisdom's sages hoary
Have scatter'd o'er my way,
With brighter wisdom perfected,
All strength—all purity.
In yonder gentle star-light
I see the holy tear,
Glistening in fair tho' far light,
Which once consoled me here—
Till I was left in wretchedness,
And none to weep with me.

Roll on, fair worlds! and over
Earth's vale your torches blend:—
In each my thoughts discover
Smiles of some cherish'd friend,

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Whose melancholy pilgrimage
Wearies the heart no more.
O yes! I hear their voices,
O yes! their forms I see;
And then my soul rejoices,
And, raptured, seems to be
Their momentary visitant;
But soon the dream is o'er.

I'll build a fane elysian
Among those towers divine,
And there in hallow d vision,
When gloomy thoughts are mine,
Will soar in glowing ecstasy—
There shall my joys be stored;
And there my soul, reposing
On contemplation's breast,
When earthly scenes are closing,
Shall find a place of rest,
And leave this lowly solitude
Forgotten—undeplored.

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WRITTEN AT SEA.

When the bark by a gentle breath is driven,
And the bright sun dances in the heaven
Up and down, as the rocking boat
Upon the ridgy waves doth float—
And the fresh sea sprinkles the sloping deck,
And nought is seen but some snowy speck
On the distant verge—and the sky above,
And the waters around—'tis sweet to move
Gladly from one to another strand,
Guided by some invisible hand.
Gladly, aye! for him who leaves
No friend behind, who dreams, and grieves,
And dreads that every breezy breath
Is the wing'd charioteer of death.
  Ah! that love is a fearful thing;
It hovers round on a vampire's wing;
Darkness is its abode—it dwells
In caverns and spectre-peopled cells;
'Tis wont to play with phantoms dread,
And wreathes the aconite round its head:
The desert and the grove it seeks,
And clouds are on its splendent cheeks;

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And it sits in storms,—and builds its throne
In terror's dark pavilion;
And its bright and spirit-piercing eyes
Are shrouded in thick anxieties.
  Onwards! onwards!—lo, we sweep
The heaving bosom of the deep,—
Freshens the wind!—how gay to ride
On the pinions of the eternal tide,
And to live, as it were, in life's excess,
'Midst the wild waters' frowardness!
It is as if life's currents too,
Driven by an impulse strange and new,
Roll'd with a swifter course,—partaking
Of the eager spirit round us waking.
  But soon, too soon, the busy sea
Is still'd to us—reality
Waves over us her leaden wand:
We tread the dull and changeless land!
Our bark conducts us to the shore,
And the fresh breeze impels no more;
For us repose the joyous waves—
And we all slumber in our graves.
  Thou Steerer of the storm! who guidest
Our little vessel,—who dividest
The waves around us,—who hast spread
Heaven's canopy above our head,

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And scatter'd thro' it gales of love,
To waft us to our port above:
Thou! whose omnipotent voice can still
The mighty ocean as the rill;
Thou! subject vast of praise and wonder,
Who in the breeze and in the thunder
Art heard alike—to Thee, O Friend!
O Father! I my lot commend.
And be it Thine, All-wise! as now,
A favouring passage to bestow
Through life's dark ocean—till the tomb
Receives us in its mighty womb,
Where we shall slumber till the day,
Of days the greatest, sends its ray
Into the gloom sepulchral—then
Shall the raised spirit live again,
And enter on a course which never
Can be disturb'd by vain endeavour,
Nor check'd by storms or billows dreary,—
Nor hearts despond—nor hopes be weary.

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"THE WORLD IS GIVEN TO THE WICKED."

'Tis sometimes hard to turn our eye
Upon that wreck of hopes and dreams,
Which lighted hours of ecstacy
With virtue's smiles and freedom's beams,—
To look upon that wreck—and see
A very blank of misery.

For who of mortal mould could e'er
Bend coldly o'er the aspiring mind,
That rear'd its visionary temples fair,
And open'd wide on human kind
The portals whence the day-streams flow
Of love and liberty below?

Too long, too long the tyrant's might
Had chill'd the senses—cramp'd the soul—
Then, waking in their natural light,
They burst the twilight's dim control,
And, gathering blessings in their train,
Shed splendour o'er the earth again.

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'Tis past!—'tis past!—The spreading shade
Of ignorance involves the world:
Our toils were vain—our hopes betray'd—
And freedom from her shrines is hurl'd:
She has no heroes—has no heirs—
The grave is ours—the world is theirs.

The noblest, holiest of our race
Die unrevenged—they spill their blood—
The gay earth is their slaughter-place—
The vast globe is a solitude,
Where their all-withering glance destroys
All virtuous deeds—all righteous joys.

Great God of vengeance! rouse Thee—shower
Thy fiery torrents on their path!
They hate Thy name—they scorn Thy power—
They laugh—proud rebels! at Thy wrath.
And dost Thou tarry?—Canst Thou yet
Their insults and Thy might forget?

Forgive! forgive!—Our wishes rove
Bewilder'd—darken'd by distress—
As if our passions, Lord! could move
Thy all-directing righteousness.

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Thou knowest all—Thou rulest all—
To Thee we look—on Thee we call.

Wield then Thy thunders at Thy will,
Thou canst not err—our hearts subdued
Shall wait Thy mandate—calm and still—
Thy purposes are wise and good.
Gloom, mists and clouds surround our way,
Thou art all light—Thy path is day.

November, 1823.

PSALM XC.

LORD! thro' ages-gathering time,
On Thee, sacred and sublime,
We have built our joy, our faith;
While the mantling robe of death
Veil'd the unborn mountains,—ere
This majestic rolling sphere
Sprung to birth, Thy footsteps trod
Over time's untravell'd road,
Ever and eternal GOD!

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If Thou speak, Destruction calls
Nations to her midnight halls,
And the dust-born sons of men
Mingle with the dust again.
Thousand ages roll away
In Thy sight, as yesterday
When 'tis past:—a dream forgot
With the morning's earliest thought.

E'en as a mighty torrent sweeps
The strawy fragment to the deeps;
A vision that but comes and goes;
Or flowers that with the morning rose,
And with the morning flourished,
Ere the cold evening faded, dead—
Beneath Thy frown we die:—we die,
And in the valley's bosom lie.

O God! Thy spirit-searching eye
Reads all Thy children's history:
And sins that seem in distance veil'd,
And errors in deep shades conceal'd,
Before Thy penetrating sight
Blaze in a horrid glare of light.

Careless of Thy heart-searching frown,
Our lamp goes out—our life sinks down:
That lamp is feeble, cheerless, cold;
That life a little history told:

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When most enduring it appears,
And trembling into seventy years,
Or ten years more—its utmost length
Is waxing pain and wasting strength,
Labour and sorrow—then the thread
Is broken, and the spirit fled.
  But who Thy anger, Lord! can bear?
'Tis greater than a mortal's fear!
Its might more terrible than aught
Of future dread or present thought.
  O teach us so to count our days,
So to improve them to Thy praise,
That wisdom may our hearts control,
And virtue guide our wandering soul.
  Return and smile again—and bend
Thine ear benignant, Father—Friend!
No longer let us dread Thy wrath—
Send down Thy sunshine on our path,
And let futurity be blest,
If not with joy, with peace and rest.

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HABAKKUK.

CHAP. III.

I HEARD Thee, and I trembled:—Awful One!
Now speak—but speak in mercy's mildest tone;
Wave o'er the years Thy shadowing wing; look down,
And let Thy smile burst shining thro' Thy frown.
From Teman GOD descends,
The Holy One from Paran bends—
Shout! the song of gladness raise:
His glories cover
Heaven's temple over,
And earth is pregnant with His glorious praise!
His brightness is an everlasting light,
And streams of fire burst from His hand of might;
The plague, the pestilence, are driven before Him:
He stands on burning coals, with clouds and vapours o'er Him.
The earth He measures in His hand;
The nations flee at His command;
The everlasting mountains bow;
The hills are scatter'd wide—and lo!

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His path is in eternal darkness deep.
The tents of Cushan weep;
Midian is now in grief array'd,
And curtained round in melancholy shade.

Lord! have the rivers disobey'd Thee,
That Thou hast thus in frowns array'd Thee?
Has the the ocean rolled too far,
That Thou hast mounted Thy glorious car—
Harness'd Thy mighty steeds?
Lord! Thou hast bent Thy naked bow,
And we remember Thy promise now:
Thy judgment now proceeds.
Lord! the rivers that seek the sea,
Roll on their course, as led by Thee.
The mountains trembled as Thou passedst by;
And from its bounds broke forth th' o'erflowing ocean;
The deep sent forth a loud and troubled cry,
And lifted up his suppliant hands on high;
The sun and moon stood still in deep emotion—
They saw the light of Thy glittering spear;
Thy arrows were flying thickly there—
Dreadful was Thy march, O Lord!
And the heathen fell beneath Thy sword.

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'Twas for Thy chosen people—the salvation
Of Thine anointed nation—
Thou hast upset the wicked in his pride:
He came forth like a whirlwind to destroy—
His palace is in dust,—and his unholy joy,
Oppression, is subdued. Thou, Lord! didst ride
O'er the great waters: when I heard, I shook—
How could I in Thy presence stand?
How on Thy dazzling brightness look?
Voiceless my tongue became, and impotent my hand.
Tho' the fig-tree should not shoot
Her wonted blossoms—tho' the vine,
Scathed by Thee, should yield no fruit—
Tho' the olive fail—the kine
In the stalls should droop and die;
In the folds the fleecy flock:
Yet the Lord shall be my joy!
Yet the Lord shall be my rock!
He shall be my hope, my strength,
My rejoicing shall He be!
He will lead my soul at length
To His own felicity.

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CORINTHIANS,

FIRST BOOK—CHAP. XIII.

THO' every tongue that man e'er utter'd, broke
From my all-eloquent lips—and tho' I spoke
The languages of angels—if my soul
Were not attuned to love's sweet music, all,
All were a hollow sound—an idle voice,
A bell's dull tinkling, or a cymbal's noise.
Tho' I could read the books of prophecy;
Withdraw the veil of heavenly mystery;
Tho' Science led me thro' her various way,
And I had power, power from above, to say,
'Remove, thou mountain!' this were nought, and I
An useless nothing, without Charity.
Tho' thousand wretches crowded round my door,
Relieved, protected by my generous store,—
Tho' neither flame nor sword could shake my faith,
A martyr towering o'er the fear of death,—
I were no offering worthy of above,
Unless supported and impell'd by love.

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Love is long-suffering, generous, candid; free
From envy, pride, and self-complacency.
Benignant and beneficent and mild,
Pure-hearted and confiding as a child;
She mourns the ravages of vice—but sees
With holy joy Truth's glorious victories.
All things she bears, with hero-courage bears,
And trusts to heaven her pleasures and her cares;
And hopes that all things hasten on to bliss,
And all endures, with such sweet hopes as this.
She never fails—the prophet's sacred tongue
Shall by the hand of ages be unstrung;
The wonder-working gifts of heaven shall cease,
And knowledge perish in forgetfulness;
But soon shall better prospects dawn—the ray
Of twilight brightens into perfect day,
And weakness, weariness, and gloom and night,
Give way to beauty, strength, and joy, and light.
E'en as a child, in early opening hours,
Totters and trips, and plies his little powers,
From his young lips imperfect accents break,
His thoughts are wandering, and his judgment weak;
Yet, as his years flow on, intelligence
Glows in his mind, and winning eloquence

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Flows from his tongue; he stands erect, and can
Glory in all the pride and power of man:—
So do we journey heavenwards—children here,
But we shall grow to man's perfection *there*.

Our earthly vision is but dark and dim:
There shall we see in the pure light of Him
Who is all brightness;—every mist disperse
That mantles now the gloomy universe;
All perils past, all tears, all terrors o'er,
And doubt distress, and hope delude, no more.

There are these angels sent by heaven to guide
Our earthly barks thro' time's deceitful tide:
Faith, Hope and Charity—benignant three!
Charity fairest—follow Charity!

ANXIETIES AND COMFORTS.

The dreams which early moments deck'd—
Hopes sunny summer hours, are o'er,
And my frail bark at last is wreck'd
On sullen Reason's rocky shore.

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I was a joyous streamlet, tost
From hill to vale in eager play;
And now among the mountains lost,
Now sweeping o'er the plains my way.

I kiss'd the flowers,—the woods I taught
To echo back my song:—'tis past!
Lost in the mighty sea of thought,
The little streamlet rests at last.

I trembled to the gentle breeze—
Sent back the gorgeous sunbeams far;
Heard all the moonlight's mysteries,
And smiled with every smiling star.

A mingling light of joy and love,
Of peace and hope a blended sound:
Heaven's azure arches spread above,
And laughing Nature all around.

Ah! these were blissful moments: yet
I revel in their memory,—
And present cares and fears forget
In that departed ecstacy.

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Yes! they are fled—those hours are fled—
Yet their sweet memories smiling come,
Like spirits of the hallow'd dead,
And linger round their earlier home.

Rapt in the thought, my passions seem
To drink th' exhausted cup of bliss:
And do I dream? Was ever dream
So bright, so beautiful as this?

Alas! I hear the thunders roll,
And wake, and meditate, and weep;
Night's gloomy mantle wraps my soul,
And cheerless silence rules the deep.

I tread my melancholy road,
No more by vain delusions driven;
Hold solemn converse with my God,
And track my onward way to heaven.

Then from the world's proud glare I turn
To yonder bright and golden sky:
And there I study—thence I learn
The worth of worldly pageantry.

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No more with dazzled eyes I look
Upon yon vain and letter'd sage:
For Nature is a gentle book,
And deeper wisdom fills her page.

Her groves to me are painted halls;
Perfumes, her early morning air;
Her mountains, castellated walls—
And all is honest welcome there.

Her concerts are of birds and bees,
And rivers, and the glorious sea:
And holy are her revelries,
And pure her joys as thought can be.

Why should I murmur?—O'er this scene
Tho' night descend and thunders roll,
Man may create a heaven within;
In the still temple of the soul.

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SISTE, VIATOR!

Look around thee—see Decay,
On her wing of darkness, sweeping
Earth's proud monuments away—
See the Muse of history weeping
O'er the ruins Time hath made—
Strength in dust and ashes laid,
Virtue in oblivion sleeping.

Look around thee—Wisdom there
Careless Death confounds with Folly
In a common sepulchre:
See the unrighteous and the holy
Blended in the general wreck:
Well those tears may wet thy cheek,
Tears of doubt and melancholy.

Look around thee—Beauty's light
Is extinguish'd,—Death assembles
Youth's gay morn and age's night,—
And the steadfast mountain trembles
At his glance, like autumn's leaf—
All he cries, is vain, is brief:
And the tyrant ne'er dissembles.

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Look behind thee,—cities hid
In the night of treacherous story:
Many a crumbling pyramid,
Many a pile of senseless glory,
Temples, into ruin hurl'd,
"Fragments of an earlier world,"
Broken fanes, and altars hoary.

Look behind thee—men whose frown
Made whole nations quake before them—
What is left of their renown?
Wrecks around, oblivion o'er them:
Kings and conquerors, where are they?
Ask yon worthless heaps of clay—
O despise not, but deplore them!

Look behind thee—bards sublime,
Smiling nymphs, and solemn sages—
Go! inquire their names of time:
Bid it read its earliest pages.
Foolish questioner!—If fame
Guard thro' years a cherish'd name—
Fame itself decays in ages.

Look before thee—all the glare,
All the pomp, around thee glowing;

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All that charms the eye or ear,
Strains of softest music flowing,
Grace and beauty—all are sped
Tow'rds the ruins of the dead:
Thither thou and thine are going.

Look before thee—at yon vault,
Where time's ravage is recorded,
Thou wilt be compell'd to halt:
Thou wilt be no more regarded
Than the meekest, meanest slave,
Sleeping in a common grave,
Unrespected—unrewarded.

Look before thee—at thy feet
Monarchs sleep like meaner creatures:
Where the voices, now so sweet?
Where the fair ones' smiling features?
Hopest thou to escape the tomb?
That which was thy father's doom,
Will be thine, thy son's, and nature's.

Look above thee—there indeed
May thy thoughts repose delighted;

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If thy wounded bosom bleed,
If thy fondest hopes are blighted;
There a stream of comfort flows,
There a sun of splendour glows:
Wander, then, no more benighted!

Look above thee—ages roll,
Present, past, and future blending;
Earth hath nought to soothe a soul
'Neath affliction's burden bending,
Nothing 'gainst the tempest's shock;
Heaven must be the pilgrim's rock,
And to heaven his steps are tending.

Look above thee—never eye
Saw such pleasures as await thee;
Thought ne'er reach'd such scenes of joy
As are there prepared to meet thee:
Light undying,—seraphs' lyres,—
Angel-welcomes,—cherub-choirs
Smiling thro' heaven's doors to greet thee.

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BLESSINGS OF INSTRUCTION.

The heart has tendrils like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the living tree
Of deeply-planted sympathy;
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,
Which an unwater'd desert are;
Yet there a curious eye may trace
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between,
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not—for wisdom's toil
Has ne'er disturb'd that stubborn soil:
Yet care and culture might have brought
The ore of truth from mines of thought:
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloom'd
Where truth and fancy lie entomb'd.

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Insult him not—his blackest crime
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,
In spite of all thy pride, be less
Than e'en thy daily waywardness;
Than many a sin and many a stain
Forgotten—and impress'd again.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow:
To plant, to watch, to water there—
This be our duty, be our care!

And sweet it is the growth to trace,
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labours first
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had—

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Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries—
Plains with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,
Which beauty gilds and music fills,
Were once but deserts. Culture's hand
Has scatter'd verdure o'er the land,
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurp'd the scene.

And such is Man. A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as the aconite;
Just as his heart is train'd to bear
The pois'nous weed, or flow'ret fair.

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SONNET.

'Tis not Thy terrors, Lord! Thy dreadful frown,
Which keep my step in duty's narrow path;
'Tis not the awful threatenings of Thy wrath,—
But that, in Virtue's sacred smile alone
I find or peace or happiness. Thy light,
In all its prodigality, is shed
Upon the worthy and th' unworthy head:
And Thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
The holy as the thankless. All is well:
Thy wisdom has to each his portion given:
Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven?
'Tis vain to murmur—daring to rebel—
Lord! I would fear Thee, tho' I fear'd not hell;
And love Thee, tho' I had no hopes of heaven.*

* Aunque no hubiera cielo yo te amara,
Y aunque no hubiera infierno te temiera.
SANTA TERESA.

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HYMN.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends—O Father! hear it!
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight—who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest:
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away—and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

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And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering—Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy,—not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call—appealing
To every generous thought, and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal—whispering, watching ever,
My bosom?—Never.

Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness— and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps thro' death's dark [portal,
Becomes immortal.

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HYMN.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prison'd in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers thro' this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
O what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O who would venture then to die—
O who could then endure to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead:
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a flow'ret smiles beneath:
Who could exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given:
'Tis *this* that makes our darkness day;
'Tis *this* that makes our earth a heaven.

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Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

DEATH.

What is it to die?—To drink
Of a yet untasted river;
To leap from a yet untrodden brink,
Which we shall revisit never.

'Tis to take a journey afar,
In a cold and mirky night,
Thro' paths unknown, where moon nor star
E'er shed a smile of light.

'Tis to sleep in a clayey cell,
With corruption for our bride;
Deaf, dumb, insensible,
Waked by no morning's tide.

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'Tis to mingle with ashes and dust,
Like the meanest thing we see,
And be blown about by the windy gust,
Or dissolve in the mighty sea.

What is it to die?—'Tis nought
But to close the book of care,
Inter in the grave all troubling thought,
And rest with oblivion there.

This is the worst; for if truth
Shine in the Scripture page,
The spirit shall wear the wings of youth,
And live through an endless age.

It shall bathe in the living streams
Round the gardens of heaven that flow;
And revel in light, whose dazzling beams
Disperse all the mists of woe.

Like a star in a cloudless night,
Pure and sublime shall it be—
Fairer than noontide's presence bright—
Fixed as eternity.

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HYMN.

How dark—how desolate
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring
On hope's bright wing,
O God! to heaven and Thee!

Life is a prison cell
We are doom'd to occupy,
In which confin'd,
The restless mind
Pines, pants for liberty.

And sometimes streaks of light
And sunny beams we see,
They shine so bright
Through sorrow's night,
They needs must come from Thee.

Say, shall a morning dawn
When prison-days are o'er,
Whose smiling ray
Shall wake a day,
That night shall cloud no more?

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Blest hope! and sure as blest;
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past,
And joy at last
Waft us to heaven and Thee.

HYMN

WHY should dreams so dark and dreary
Fill my thought?
Is there nought,
Nought to soothe and bless the weary?
Night may wrap the arch of heaven—
Soon a ray,
Bright with day,
Cheers the morn and gilds the even.

I have seen the mountain hidden
In a shroud—
Mist and cloud;
Say, was hope or joy forbidden?

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No!—I knew its summit hoary
Soon would rise,
'Midst the skies,
Girt with green and crown'd with glory.

Many a stream with song of gladness,
Many a rill,
Silent, still,
Winter binds in chains of sadness;
Many a waterfall and river:—
Summer's wand
Breaks their band,
And their music ceases never.

Is the sun in heaven no longer,
When the rain
Sweeps the plain?
Soon he blazes brighter—stronger.
Is the flow'ret's sleep eternal,
When its cup,
Folded up,
Waits the smiles and breezes vernal?

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Why should man, then—child of sorrow!
Mourn his doom?
Present gloom
Will be light and bliss to-morrow.
Why should man, then, bound his vision
To the cell
Where we dwell?
Worlds are his—and worlds elysian.

Even here all pain is fleeting;
Even here,
Joy and care
Join in constant, earnest greeting:
But where all our hopes are tending,
Peace and love
Reign above—
Bliss unbroken—joy unending.

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HYMN.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will:
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord! Thy purpose see;
Yet all is well—since ruled by Thee.

When, mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming thro' Thy frown;
And, should I faint a moment—then
I think of Thee,—and smile again.

So trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What tho' some cherish'd joys are fled?
What tho' some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

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HYMN.

In the dust I'm doom'd to sleep,
But shall not sleep for ever;
Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage—never.
Years in rapid course shall roll,
By time's chariot driven,
And my re-awaken'd soul
Wing its flight to heaven.

What tho' o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending?
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal;—
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

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HYMN.

I HAVE seen the morning vapour
Scatter'd by the eye of day;
I have seen the evening taper
Shine, and glimmer, and decay;
And bethought me, as I stood,
These are man's similitude.

Man is like a vapour flying
With the twilight o'er the dell;
Man is like a pale lamp dying
In its solitary cell—
Light and shade—and ill and good—
Such is man's vicissitude.

Man is like a vapour, blending
With the dew of morning's breath;
Man is like a pale lamp tending
To its melancholy death:
Neither spared by whirlwinds rude—
Such is man's similitude.

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HYMN.

Jesus Teaching the People.

How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come wanderers, to my Father's home,
"Come, all ye weary ones and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher,—we will come—
Obey thee,—love thee and be blest!

Decay then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

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HYMN TO THE DEITY.

"There is no sound or language where their voice is not heard."

THE heavenly spheres to Thee, O GOD! attune
their evening hymn,
All-wise, All-holy, Thou art praised in song of
seraphim;
Unnumber'd systems, suns, and worlds, unite to
worship Thee,
While Thy majestic greatness fills space—time—
eternity.

Nature,—a temple worthy Thee, that beams with
light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below, whose
stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs that rise along
the shore,
Whose anthems, the sublime accord of storm and
ocean roar:

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Her song of gratitude is sung by spring's awakening hours,
Her summer offers at Thy shrine its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripen'd fruits, in glorious luxury given,
While winter's silver heights reflect Thy brightness back to heaven!

On all Thou smil'st—and what is man, before Thy presence, GOD?
A breath but yesterday inspired,—to-morrow but a clod:
That clod shall moulder in the vale,—till kindled, Lord, by Thee,
Its spirit to Thy arms shall spring—to life,—to liberty.

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AN ASPIRATION.

If 'twere but to retire from woe,
To undisturb'd, eternal rest—
How passing sweet to sleep below,
On nature's fair and flow'ry breast!

But when faith's finger points on high,
From death's decaying, dismal cell;
O, 'tis a privilege to die—
To dream of bliss ineffable!

In balmy sleep our eyes to close,
When life's last sunshine gilds our even;
And then to wake from long repose,
When dawns the glorious day of heaven!

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TRANSLATION.

BRIGHTEST of spirits! proudly thron'd on high,
'Midst the gold flames that flash from star and sun,
In the wide deserts of th' ethereal sky—
Th' Incomprehensible, Almighty One!
Dart the pure radiance of Thy presence down
On this benighted vale;—to mortal eye
Display the splendours of Thy majesty,
And open all the glories of Thy throne.
Ages of old Thee recognized,—tho' seen
Dimly amidst Thy works:—and man upraised
Temples and altars to Thy shadowed name.
A GOD, a Father *all* Thy works proclaim,
Who is, and shall be, and hath ever been,
Tho' veil'd in darkness, and in silence praised!

PELLEGRINO GIUDENZI.

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TRANSLATION.

GOD.

CREATING—uncreated energy!
Who rul'st and govern'st all that Thou hast made;
Whose firm and everlasting feet are staid
On changeless fate—time and eternity!—
Thou givest light to morn—to evening shade!
Directest earth and heaven's high majesty!
Unseen, unsway'd,—all seen, all sway'd by Thee!
Unmoved, yet moving all,—by all obey'd!
Present in every place,—confined to none!
Vice trembles, Virtue smiles beneath Thy pow'r;
Thou mad'st the blazing beam, the white frost
hoar.
Thou only in Thyself art seen and known,
Being that I know not—yet, unknown, adore—
Thou only God!—THOU art Thyself alone!

SALVINI.

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HYMN.

He who walks in Virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent while yet 'tis day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely
Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending.
Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as Summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallow'd sleep;
Sleep, that is o'erwatch'd by heaven.

Till that day of days shall come,
When th' archangel's trumpet breaking
Through the silence of the tomb,
All its prisoners awaking;
He shall hear the thund'ring blast,
Burst the chilling bands that bound him;
To the throne of glory haste,
All heaven's splendours op'ning round him.

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HYMN.

When before Thy throne we kneel,
Fill'd with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All Thy sacred presence near.
Check each proud and wand'ring thought
When on Thy great name we call;
Man is nought—is less than nought:
Thou, our God, art all in all.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to Thee,
'Midst Thy light ineffable.
O forgive the praise that dares
Seek Thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our off'rings, hear our pray'rs,
Infinite and Holy One!

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TO A VIOLET.

Sweet flower! Spring's earliest, loveliest gem!
While other flowers are idly sleeping
Thou rear'st thy purple diadem;
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round;
And well may Nature's Poet love thee!

Yes! I have envied thee, sweet flower!
And long'd like thee to live obscurely:
Shelter'd in some benignant bower,
And breathing forth my soul so purely.

Thine is a short, swift reign I know—
But here,—thy spirit still pervading—
New violet tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away—as thou art fading,

And be renew'd; the hope how blest,
(O may that hope desert me never!)
Like thee to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake again, and bloom for ever!

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HYMN.

FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy love
Beaming thro' all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involv'd in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallow'd part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

And thro' the various maze of time,
And thro' th' infinity of space,
We follow Thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustain'd by this delightful thought,
Since Thou, their God, art every where,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

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HYMN

The offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer;
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

Upon Thy all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude:
No tribute—but the vow sincere,—
The tribute of the good.

My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by Thee;
If Thy pure spirit touch my heart
With its own purity.

O may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

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PERSECUTION.

LET those who *doubt* the heavenly source
Of revelation's page divine,
Use as their weapons fraud and force—
No such unhallow'd arms are mine.
I only wield its holy word—
Reason its shield, and truth its sword.

I doubt not:—My religion stands
A beacon on the eternal rock,—
Let malice throw her fiery brands;
Its sacred fane has stood the shock
Of ages—and shall tower sublime
Above the waves and winds of time.

Infinite wisdom form'd the plan;
Infinite power supports the pile;
Infinite goodness pour'd on man
Its radiant light—its cheering smile.
Need they *thy* aid?—poor worm!—*thy* aid
O mad presumption—vain parade!

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Thou wilt not trust th' Almighty One
With his own thunders—thou wouldst throw
The bolts of heaven!—O senseless son
Of dust and darkness!—Spider! go,
And with thy cobweb bind the tide,
And the swift, dazzling comet guide.

Yes! force has conquering reasons given,
And chains and tortures argue well,—
And thou hast proved thy faith from heaven,
By weapons thou hast brought from hell.
Yes! thou hast made thy title good,
For thou hast sign'd the deed with blood.

Daring impostor! sure that God
Whose advocate thou feign'st to be,
Will smite thee with that awful rod
Which thou wouldst seize—and pour on thee
The vial of that wrath, which thou
Wouldst empty on thy brother's brow.

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RETIREMENT.

HAPPY is he who knows not solitude!
The hour when to the world he seems alone
Is spent with God!—All cares, all passions lost
In most sublime abstraction. Then his soul,
Too joyous to be bound to earth, upsoars
And wings its glorious passage to an orb
Beyond philosophy's proud ken,—the throne
Where the Divinity sits clad in light,
And gives his spirit welcome! he forgets
That he is wrapt in mortal clay—becomes
A presence all ethereal, lifts his eye
Undazzled tow'rds the smiles of heavenly love,
And takes his seat with angels.———
O the ineffable beatitude,
Could it but last!—But no! too soon opprest
With the vast blessedness, and dragg'd alas!
By mortal weakness from its height of joy,
The soul sinks down to this substantial world,
And is a clod again!

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SONNET.

"PEACE!" shall the world out-wearied ever see
Its universal reign? Will states, will kings,
Put down those murderous and unholy things
Which fill the earth with blood and misery?
Will nations learn that love—not enmity—
Is heaven's first lesson—which, beneath the wings
Of mercy, brooding over land and sea,
Fills earth with joy, by its soft ministerings?
'Twere a sad prospect—'twere a vista dark
As midnight—could this wearied mortal eye,
Thro' the dim mists that veil futurity,
Discern not that heaven-bright though distant spark,
Lighted by prophecy—whose ray sublime
Sheds a soft gleam of hope o'er the dull path of time.

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SONNET.

I HATE that noisy drum!—It is a sound
That's full of war and bondage,—and I blush
That *liberty* had ever cause to rush
Into a warrior's arms—that *right* e'er found
Asylum in the furious field. Not so
The holy crowns of genuine glory grow—
Not there should they who bear the badge serene
Of him who was the *Prince of Peace* be seen.
Can such his faithful followers be?—O no!
His laurels are not drench'd in blood,—but green
And beautiful as spring:—His arms are love
And mercy and forgiveness;—and with these
He rules the nations' mighty destinies—
And gently leads us to our homes above.

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SONNET.

From time to time there is a warning voice
Which, in the various shapes of grief and pain
And disappointment, gives us hopes, not vain,
That, shelter'd from this mean world's turbulent noise,
We shall repose in silence—or rejoice
In living blessedness—where all the train
Of mortal sorrows enter not—and reign
Where pleasure never wanes and never cloys.
And these are lovely hopes—and these alone
Help us the burden of our woes to bear,—
While we press forward to yon yet-veil'd throne,
Whose twilight brightness we just see—and hear
The music that surrounds it. *Here* we groan—
But not a sigh or tear was ever *there*.

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SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE week is past!—its latest ray
Is vanish'd with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
Its now-departed hours to clasp,
As to recall that moment bright,
When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past! And has it brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought?
And has it left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures tasted here?
It has not wing'd its flight in vain,
Altho' it ne'er return again.

And who would sigh for its return?
We are but pilgrims, born to mourn;
And moments, as they onward flow,
Cut short the thread of human woe,
And bring us nearer to the scenes
Where sorrows end and heaven begins.

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